

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The Road Opened

WHATEVER form the final communiqué of the Big Four talks takes today, the effective results of the conference are unlikely to be visible for some little time. The "summit" meeting was designed, not so much for the purpose of trying to find immediate solutions to the several problems which are aggravating East-West international relations, but to clear away mutual suspicions and to open up a new road for negotiated agreements.

There has been an encouraging display of goodwill at the "summit" during this week's historic conferences and if "atmosphere" means anything there is ground for hope the Big Four leaders have succeeded in removing from their minds much of the suspicion which has hitherto handicapped and marred lower level East-West conferences. Whatever the Russians think about the merits of the various proposals which have been advanced by the Big Three, they cannot deny that the Western leaders have been generous and courageous. They have gone beyond what could be regarded as conventional concessions, and have made suggestions which, if adopted, would revolutionise international relations.

PRESIDENT Eisenhower undoubtedly stole the show with his remarkable proposal for aerial supervision by each country of the other's military installations, designed to remove any fear of a surprise attack, but there have been other notable propositions, including Sir Anthony Eden's for the creation of a demilitarised buffer zone and M. Faure's "general publicity" about national armaments and military forces intended to pave the way for international disarmament. On the Soviet side, Marshal Bulganin advocated a non-aggression pact between NATO and members of the Warsaw military alliance and a mutual pledge not to use atomic weapons even in defence without the approval of the UN Security Council.

The practical possibilities of these various suggestions are of such a nature as to lend conviction that they could be dovetailed and made applicable. There are obvious merits in all of them, and if adopted they could provide the genuine foundation for a new international system of control that would make war impossible.

DEADLOCK AT GENEVA

Foreign Ministers Bogged Down A RATHER GLOOMY OUTLOOK

Geneva, July 22.

The Big Four Foreign Ministers, after marathon talks lasting all day, tonight failed to break the East-West deadlock over how they should tackle future East-West negotiations on issues crucial for world peace.

M. Antoine Pinay of France declared on leaving the Palace of Nations. "We have reached no agreement, and we might have done if Mr Molotov (Soviet Foreign Minister) had been a little more understanding."

President Eisenhower, Sir Anthony Eden, M. Edgar Faure and Marshal Nikolai Bulganin meet in secret session at 11 a.m., local time, tomorrow, in a bid to settle the issue.

An American official said tonight the situation was "far from hopeless" but Western delegations generally were pretty gloomy.

The Big Four heads of government broke up a last lap session of the "summit" conference here today and scheduled another session tomorrow as their foreign ministers worked feverishly on the next steps to end the cold war.

After a brief 14-hour meeting the East-West leaders adjourned the session—likely to be the next to last of the conference. They agreed to reconvene tomorrow to consider the report of the foreign ministers who continued their discussions.

Arguments over the form of the report kept the foreign ministers in session most of the day. But Secretary of State John Foster Dulles told the heads of government this afternoon that "progress has been made" and more progress was possible.

NIGHT CONFERENCE

French sources said the four ministers, who adjourned for dinner at 8.15 p.m., were still working on the programme for future negotiations on German reunification and European security. The two interlocked subjects have met an impasse in the conference. They are reconvening at 10.30 p.m.

The heads of government will meet tomorrow in restricted session to consider the report.

All previous sessions of the conference, now in its fifth day, have been attended by full delegations and its deliberations have been reported by official spokesmen afterwards.

At prolonged sessions during the day the foreign ministers tried to persuade Russian Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov to agree to drawing up two directives.

The first after approval by the heads of government would instruct the foreign ministers to meet in October to continue negotiations for reuniting Germany and for a European security system.

The second would instruct the Big Four's representatives in the United Nations disarmament sub-committee to take up the proposals made at the conference yesterday.

These proposals included Eisenhower's offer to Russia to trade complete blueprints of military establishments with the Russian and open the borders of the United States to Russian aerial photography planes if Russia did the same for the United States.

MOLOTOV STICKS OUT

The West wants a foreign ministers' conference in October to deal with German unity and European security—either in that order, or simultaneously—and the main disarmament talks to continue in the United Nations sub-committee of the Big Four and Canada.

Throughout most of the foreign ministers' wrangling today Mr Molotov stuck to the Soviet argument that Germany could be reunified only after European peace had been guaranteed by a multi-nation security alliance. Marshal Bulganin has said the time is not ripe for German unity at present, but that both Germanies could join his proposed security pact—and the United States as well.—Reuter.

Bulganin Remains Silent

Geneva, July 22.

Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin sat silent throughout Friday's Big Four session.

With all the world waiting for his reaction to President Eisenhower's sensational proposal for a mutual exchange of military information, Bulganin said nothing.

For two days now, the West, and more specifically President Eisenhower, has dominated this conference in a manner which experts would have considered incredible before it opened.

In the opinion of Western observers, Mr Eisenhower with diplomatic skill, personal force and adroit use of his military, political and diplomatic prestige, has kept the Russians so off balance that they have become unsure of themselves and uncertain what to say.

For the first time in postwar history, the West has accomplished the impossible—they have silenced the Russians at the conference.

Saturday is the last day of the conference and there is little time for Bulganin to come back.

Many diplomats, however, speculated that the Russian is well aware of this and is saving some spectacular announcement for the morrow in the belief that by then the Western powers will have slowed down.

The Russians were so quiet on Friday—not only Bulganin but the rest of his delegation—that press chief Leonid Ilyichev did not even hold a briefing.

The Russians were reading Western newspapers, studying public reaction to Eisenhower's suggestion. It was so unanimously favourable from extreme left to extreme right that observers are developing an intense interest in just what Bulganin can do on Saturday to avoid an extreme propaganda defeat.—Associated Press.

Terrorists Slay Two Soldiers

Rabat, July 22.

Two French non-commissioned officers were shot dead by terrorists here today in the Medina (Arab quarter). The two killed were Corporals Antoine Coutex and Rene Rosewin.

This is the sixth shooting incident at the Medina since June 11. Four people had previously been killed and one wounded.—France-Press.

BOY'S AMBITION

Pasadena, July 22.

A 14-year-old boy under arrest here for nearly 220 robberies since school summer holidays began in mid-June told police he is learning to be "the best crook in the business."

Police said that the boy had committed 20 major burglaries and nearly 200 minor ones since school ended. They estimated he had stolen about \$3,000 (\$1,071 sterling).—China Mail Special.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: Drama in the clouds: a further episode in our story of the first trans-Atlantic flight. Petrov lives in fear: Arthur Morley writes on the Soviet diplomat who chose freedom in Australia.

P. 6: Another episode in the "Gideon goes to War" story.

P. 8: London styles for the modern male. Could you pass the "top-drawer" test?

P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter's piece. The new young are older than you think, by Amanda Marshall.

P. 16: & 17 Local and overseas sports reviews.

Nationalists & British Ships Might Use Bombs

Taipei, July 22.

Sources who should know said on Friday the Chinese Nationalists are anxious to avoid incidents with the British but nevertheless might bomb ships flying the Union Jack rather than allow them to carry vitally-needed material to Chinese Red ports opposite Formosa.

The sources refused to be identified. They are familiar with high policy decisions. Use of air power to deter British ships from entering such ports as Fochow is considered probable in the event of—and possibly before—any large-scale hostilities breaking out in the Formosa Strait.

The use of planes had apparently been considered in view of the British threat to use the Royal Navy to protect British merchant ships trading with Red China.

The Nationalists are evidently convinced that, while Britain might use warships to protect British merchant ships, London would hesitate to order the Royal Air Force to give similar protection.

The Nationalists displayed worry over the flow of goods to Fochow Province, where the Communist buildup could be translated into an attack on the offshore islands, and even on Formosa itself, if the Reds decided to take the risks involved.

The Nationalists are particularly anxious to halt trade with Fochow, capital of Fukien and the main port in that province.—Associated Press.

Ike Leaves Today

Geneva, July 22.

The four Foreign Ministers will remain in Geneva until Sunday informed sources indicated tonight.

President Eisenhower will be leaving as planned tomorrow Saturday evening.—France-Press.

Diem To Be Told, "Start Election Negotiations"

Geneva, July 22.

The Big Three Western powers will shortly make a joint approach to South Vietnam on the crucial question of preliminary talks with Communist North Vietnam to organise free elections for reuniting the country next year, it was learned here tonight.

A spokesman of the French delegation to the summit conference also said tonight that the three Western governments have reached "broad agreement" that the government or Mr Ngo Dinh Diem, South Vietnam's Prime Minister, should enter into preparatory consultations with North Vietnam on the holding of elections in July 1956 in accordance with the Vietnam armistice agreement.

Private discussions about a joint move by Britain, France and the United States have been taking place daily among experts here for the conference.

The three Western foreign ministers discussed the issue yesterday.

An American source said there had been a general alignment of views among the experts.

The source said the talks among the experts here concerned the issue of North-South consultations for the elections to reunite the country and India's appeal yesterday to Sir Anthony Eden and Mr Molotov to consider the situation.

DINNER DISCUSSION

Sir Anthony Eden and Mr Molotov, who were joint chairmen of last year's Geneva conference which ended the war in Indo-China, discussed the Indo-China situation at a dinner given by Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, Soviet Prime Minister, here tonight, according to an authoritative source.

The source said the experts concerned might be so busy with other matters tomorrow during the closing stages of the conference that they could not discuss the Indo-China question again here. In that case the talks would continue through the normal diplomatic channels between London, Paris and Washington.

Sir Anthony Eden earlier today received a Soviet note calling for action by Britain and Russia to approach South Vietnam and France to ensure the security of the Supervisory Commission.—Reuter.

WOMAN SPY IS CONVICTED

Frankfurt, July 22.

A West German Court today convicted a beautiful German spy of "treasonable relations" with the Russians.

The Court sentenced Ursula Schmidt, 28, to one year and five months in prison.

Miss Schmidt was returned from Canada to face the charges in the one-day trial.—United Press.

Romulo Recalled

Washington, July 22.

Brigadier-General Carlos Romulo has been called to Manila for consultation with President Ramon Magasaysay, his office reported today.

The personal envoy of President Magasaysay is in Walter Reed Hospital undergoing a physical checkup but he expects to depart on Sunday by plane.—France-Press.

Four Big Explosions In Saigon

Diplomats Plunged Into Darkness

Saigon, July 23.

Terrorists early today blew up four transformers, plunging Saigon's diplomatic quarter into darkness.

Saboteurs placed time bombs under the doors of huts housing the transformers and their explosions roused the city at 1.30 a.m.

One of the transformers was just outside the residence of the chief of the United States Operations Mission, Mr Leland Barrows.

Another was only 50 yards from the home of a British Embassy counsellor, Mr Etherington Smith.

DEBRIS EVERYWHERE

The doors of the transformers' huts were blown open and the streets scattered with debris.

American, British and Thai ambassadors and Japanese ministers, as well as many members of diplomatic missions and American military and economic missions live in the quarter which is noted for its fine French colonial style houses.

Police said saboteurs were members of anti-government groups and it suggested the attacks might be "anti-American".

The state of the transformers' huts suggested that high-powered explosive had been used in each case but no casualties were reported.—Reuter.

Why He Took Action

Paris, July 22.

France's Resident-General in Morocco, M. Gilbert Grandval, said in an interview telecast here today that he had decided on July 16 to set up martial law in Casablanca because he could no longer rely on the police force to do his duty.

Grandval, who granted the interview in Marrakesh, said he had made the decision because the police apparently did not put their heart into their work when they were called upon to quell the riots which occurred in Casablanca on July 14.

Grandval said he expelled Dr Pierre Causse, President of the colonialist French settlers' movement earlier this week because he was certain that Causse had some personal responsibility in the riots last week.

Grandval said he and El Glaoui have been studying ways and means of restoring calm to Morocco during their talks in Marrakesh.—France-Press.

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FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

Several people have asked me how it is that Singapore has stolen a march on us in the showing of "A Many Splendored Thing". The explanation is merely a matter of climate. Singapore, being hot all the year round, has no summer or winter season for pictures, whereas cinema attendance in Hongkong apparently rises as the temperature drops and the summer migrants return to the nest.

A Baby-faced Destry

With "Soldier of Fortune" and "Beau Brummell" still drawing audiences, there are only three new pictures showing at the first-run theatres since last week-end.

"Destry" is one of those westerns in which the hero vanquishes the villains and wins the women by turning the other cheek.

By no stretch of imagination can Audie Murphy be compared with the original Destry—James Stewart, but he has a baby-faced charm that fits this watered-down version of the original quite well.

Mari Blanchard too, would hardly dare to call herself a second Dietrich, but if her saloon girl lacks that extra something that the celebrated grandmother has always had, it's an average portrayal of the species without which no western seems complete.

This good girl is played with her usual lack of animation by Lori Nelson. She has a pretty face and figure, but in the many varied roles she has played in recent films, not one has been remarkable for anything but a uniformly dull performance.

A Town Miscalled Restful

I was a little disappointed in Thomas Mitchell. His role is that of the local drunk in the misnamed town of Restful. The mayor is in the pay of the villain of the piece, Lyle Bettger, and the picture opens with Mitchell being sworn in as sheriff to the disgust of the honest citizens and the delight of the law-breakers.

He turns the tables on them again by tossing aside the bottle and taking his job seriously. His first action is to send for young Destry whom he hasn't seen for some time, but whose father had been a great fighting man in the west.

On first appearances Destry appears to be a weak youngster, with an antipathy for guns and strong drink. Naturally he cleans up the town before the end of the picture and all is well. But to get back to Mitchell: there was a time when his name among the cast was the guarantee of an unusual slant on stock characters and something very much out of the ordinary if the part called for it.

Nowadays all his roles seem to get the same treatment. He's been type-cast into a slacker often drunkard figure, sometimes with a heart of gold, sometimes of stone, who repeats his characteristic gestures—the back of the hand across his mouth, shambling gait, puffed lips—until we know exactly what is coming. To confound me, he's probably come up with an Academy Award performance next month. I hope so.

The famous fight between the two women in this second

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Beau Brummell". The rise and fall of the Prince of Wales' favourite, Stewart Granger. Peter Ustinov, Robert Morley and Elizabeth Taylor.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Destry". A western in which the hero tries to reform the worst town in the west without the help of a gun. Audie Murphy, Mari Blanchard and Thomas Mitchell.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Tonight's the Night". What happens to an Irish village when the new owner turns out to be a cad of an Englishman. David Niven, Yvonne de Carlo and Barry Fitzgerald.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Marty". The story of two plain and ordinary people who fall in love. Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Soldier of Fortune". The wife of a thrill-loving photographer comes to Hongkong to trace him and runs into a present-day soldier of fortune. Clarke Gable, Susan Hayward and Michael Rennie.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Paleface". One of Bob Hope's better comedies returns. In it he's way out west with Jane Russell.
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Jupiter's Darling". Two armies wait while a singing Hamlet dallies with a maiden under the walls of Rome. Light-hearted fun, lovely colouring and rainbow tinted elephants.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Up to his Neck". A British comedy with the British Navy as background. Ronald Shiner and Laya Raki.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Down Three Dark Streets". Three crime stories are interlocked to make a drama of F.B.I. activities. Broderick Crawford and Ruth Roman.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Dark Avenger". Another name for the Black Prince. Errol Flynn and Joanne Dru.

Raising The Ire Of The Irish

"Tonight's the Night" is full of Irish blarney, but is saved from the usual resulting cloying sentiment by the element of detached savagery introduced by the incensed peasantry.

They have been made angry by the tactics of the new squire who has come in with a new broom to sweep away the ancient privileges of poaching, owing money to the squire and generally doing as they like. They decide, quite dispassionately, to kill him.

The various methods they employ, provide the fun. Yvonne de Carlo, as a very sophisticated Irish colleen, provides the glamour, and David Niven the English charm that falls to captivate the Irish. George Cole and Barry Fitzgerald provide most of the laughs.

A High-minded Butcher

In saying that "Marty" is a very good picture I do not mean that it is a picture that everyone will enjoy, or that it will send all who see it away with a nice warm feeling because two lonely people have found happiness together.

There are far too many selfish, thoughtlessly cruel and stupid characters supporting the principals to make it a comfortable experience and the emptiness of their lives is a dreary thing to contemplate.

Marty himself is a butcher, which he describes as "not an elegant profession—about the lowest in the social scale". He is a fish out of water in the company he keeps. The eldest of a family of six children, he has been forced to take to butchery, giving up his dream of college when his Italian emigrant father dies, in order to support the rest.

His friends are a salacious crowd of young bar loungers whose sole idea in their leisure

cause most of it is of such a high standard that the banal parts are noticeable by contrast. In any ordinary picture these moments would probably pass as honest sentiment.

The scenes between Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair are made more moving by their restraint and their contrast with the licentiousness of the other couples.

Shiner Comes A Cropper

It is not enough to take a well-known comedian and throw him into a story that may be long on amusing situations but short on gag lines. Bob Hope tried to carry on too long on his personality alone and finally came up with that monumentally unfunny picture in which he played Don Juan, and I'm afraid the same thing has happened with Ronald Shiner in "Up To His Neck".

Theoretically it should be a howl. Shiner, as a Royal Navy rating, has been marooned on a desert island for ten years. The natives are more than friendly and as their king his slightest wish is carried out almost before he has time to express it. Along comes a naval landing party who seize the island without knowing he is there, and proceed to march against his will, to carry him back to civilisation.

Opinions on the ship vary about Shiner. The ship's company look upon him as a scumskanker who has had a cushy time while the rest of the Navy have been fighting a war, while the captain—a cruelly clever caricature of a pukka Naval officer by Colin Gordon—thinks of him as a poor unfortunate sailor who has been doing his duty by looking after naval stores on an uninhabited desert island, eating nothing but loaves and berries.

The funniest part is Shiner's performance in a submarine, but even then, in spite of being very pro-Shiner, I was a little tired of those grimaces being accompanied by very flimsy dialogue.

There's a sequence in a very pseudo-Chinese restaurant that sails a little close to the rocks of bad taste—in Hongkong anyway. I only hope I'm being ultra sensitive about audience reaction here.

It would be a great pity if Ronald Shiner were to die out as a screen personality, but with more performances of this type it would seem that his doom is sealed.

If You Like Whodunnits...

With Broderick Crawford in a picture one is nearly always sure of not being bored. His western days being over, he can be said to have "arrived" and even the stereotyped roles he sometimes draws are usually invested with a little extra something that the others haven't got.

"Down Three Dark Streets" is a crime picture. Crawford takes over three outstanding cases when a colleague in the F.B.I. is murdered. The key to the murder lies in one of the cases and itself provides the fourth problem. One of the suspects in the three original crimes—a killing, car thieving and kidnapping—has committed the murder and it's Broderick Crawford's headache to find out who did it.

Ruth Roman is the mother whose small daughter is in danger of being kidnapped.

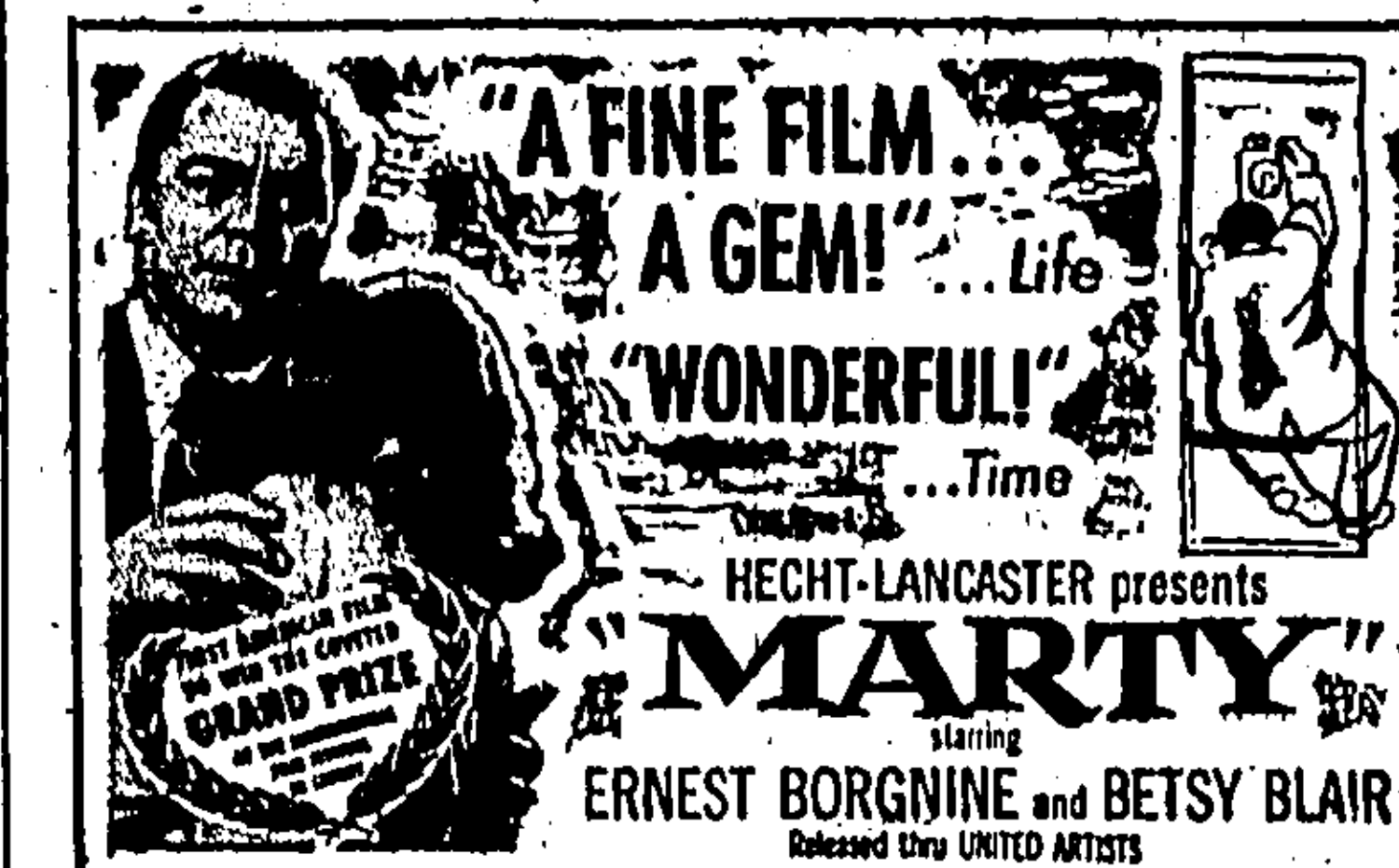
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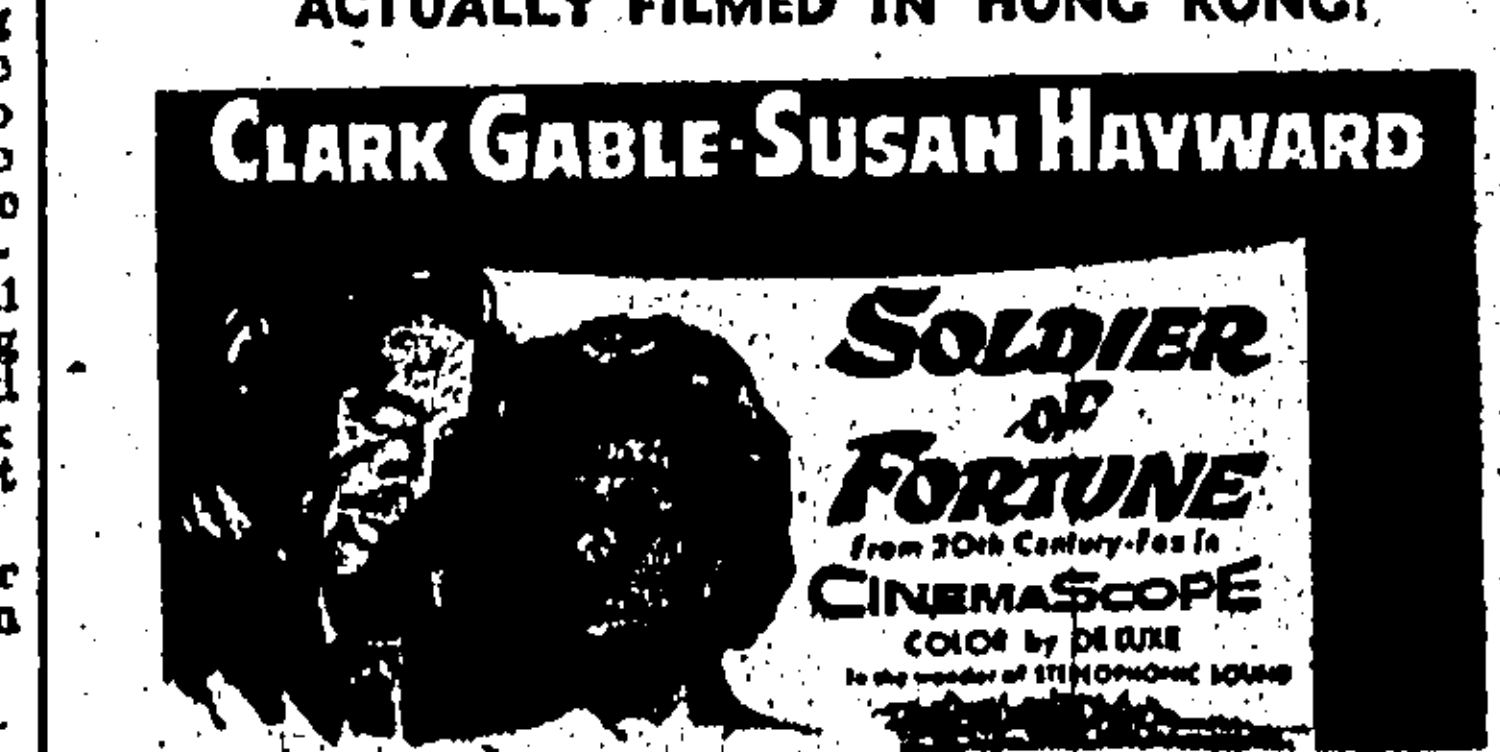
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ROXY: To-morrow Morning Show At 12.00 Noon Walt Disney's "NEW TECHNICAL CARTOONS PROGRAMME"—A copy of Pictorial Booklet on "HANSEL AND GRETEL" will be given FREE to every patron who attends this SPECIAL MORNING SHOW.
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BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. "A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICAL CARTOONS" Presented by Fox & Warner Bros. Reduced Admission: \$1.50 & 70 Cts.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

No Operators But...

Phantom Voices In The Lifts

New York. Phantom voices will take the place of lift operators in American office buildings and apartment houses soon. The nation's two leading lift manufacturers have developed voice systems which will be installed in their electronically-controlled, operatorless lifts.

The voice systems will dispense pertinent information to passengers as it is needed.

For example, as each lift arrives at the first floor a signal will be transmitted automatically to the pre-determined spot—in the same way as a juke-box operates—and the appropriate message will come through a loudspeaker.

Dangerous or abnormal situations will be handled by other messages.

Too much weight in the lift will start an arm moving to a part of the drum where a "Somebody will have to get off" message will be recorded.

If a passenger fails to step to the back of the lift a message will instruct him politely to do so.

But if the passenger does everything he is supposed to do, no phantom voices will disturb his ride.

(London Express Service)

Two Globetrotting Undergrads Off This Month

To Tibet On A Scooter

London. Nineteen-year-old Oxford undergraduate Peter White will set out this month for Tibet on a motor scooter. On the back will be a tent, sleeping bag and a portable pressure stove.

His ambition is to visit every country in the world—and he has already toured the United States, Canada, Europe and parts of Asia. Last year he hitch-hiked his way across the Sahara Desert.

Because of the weight difficulty Peter will buy his food from farms on the route he will follow through France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and across the Himalayas into Tibet.

Travelling Companion

An extra fuel tank is being fitted to the scooter to increase its range.

"I will probably be the first scooter-cumper in Tibet—if I get there," said Peter, as he mapped out the three-month journey. His home at Coldblow, Bexley (Kent), will be the starting point.

Travelling with him will be another undergraduate, 21-year-old Peter Westwood, of Linkside Avenue, Oxford, who has never been abroad before. He will ride a lightweight motorcycle.

They estimate their Tibetan holiday will cost them about £70 each.

(London Express Service)

From New York: Sheep Get Dressed Up In Duck Clothing.

From Chicago: An Item About An Inn For Intellectual Imbibers.

From Paris: The Traffic Problem Is Now A Major Headache.

From London: Two Young Oxford Men Prepare For A Scooter Trip To Tibet.

THEY TALK ABOUT SEX AND RELIGION AT THE...

Tavern For Talented Tipplers

Chicago. Slim Brundage, a house-painter by trade, runs one of the world's most unusual taverns, known as the "College of Complexes."

For 'Screwballs' Too

"We cater to artists, writers, intellectuals and assorted screwballs," he said, "and every now and then we get somebody with the price of a drink."

Brundage still works as a painter. "I have to," he said, "to support the tavern."

The College of Complexes occupies the ground floor of an old building on the

near north side. It's a couple of doors from the old Dill Pickle Club, famous haunt of Chicago's literati during the roaring 20's.

Open forums are held in the back room in the best tradition of the soap box and cracker barrel. Speakers have included an imposing array of college professors, politicians, clergymen, lawyers and writers.

A "Course"

It's a diversified "course" the college offers. A recent speaker was Alois Knapp, operator of Zoro Nudist Park, who spoke on "Is anti-nudism a racket?"

There was a recent book review on "The physiology of sex," and a talk by Dr. Philip A. Anderson of Chicago Theological Seminary on

"Why are people going back to religion?"

To qualify for membership one must be declared lacking in sanity by the college psychiatrist, who happens to be a cab driver with an IQ of 190.

And A Degree

The college offers a degree of "Bachelor of Complexes maximum-cum-laude."

Forthcoming programmes are printed in a bulletin known as "the official neurosis."

Activities include folk singing, poetry and an intellectual-type quiz programme in which only a genius would stand a chance. Speakers have included Willard Wirtz, Northwestern University Law Professor and law partner of Adolf Stevenson; Aid. Robert Merriam, recent candidate for Mayor; Archibald Carey, former delegate

to the UN; Yellow Kid Weill, notorious confidence man; Rep. Sidney Yates, (R. Ill.); Jazzman Duke Ellington, and Guy Bush, former Chicago cub pitcher.

The college is decorated with odd-looking paintings by one of Brundage's customers. Behind the bar is a shelf lined with the ornate mugs of steady customers.

Chalk And Blackboards

The walls are blackboards. Brundage provides chalk so his patrons can scribble. A random sampling of the humour:

"She was good for nothing but she wasn't bad for nothing."

"Chicago has the best politicians money can buy—Plato."

"Work is the curse of the drinking class."

"Nothing a woman says above a whisper is worth listening to—grandfather." — United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I wish I'd been a girl back in your day, mother—I think I'd enjoy reading, cooking and sewing, instead of always watching television!"

LONDON IS BUSY BUT LONELY

London's civilisation reminds the Rev. Peter Hand, vicar of St Barnabas, Southfields, of the civilisation of the ant hill or beehive—efficient and hard working from the materialist point of view, but not very "original."

"London is so large that a Londoner's world becomes too small," he says in the parish magazine.

"It is often said that London is one of the easiest places in the world to be lonely or unknown in."

"I am amazed at the pathetically small groups of mourners at some of the funerals I take in Wandsworth cemetery; there is sometimes a funeral with no mourners."

(London Express Service)

Paris Traffic Problem Now A Major Headache

Paris. Like every other growing modern city, Paris is suffering from a major traffic problem.

The chief Paris traffic Superintendent, M. Andre Dubois is trying every way possible to keep the city's traffic moving.

Some months ago Dubois banned horn-toting and in the ensuing silence Paris traffic problems continued to multiply.

The official opinion was that even more drastic measures must be taken to keep car traffic flowing smoothly through the tree-lined boulevards.

New Streets

Paris streets have not been broadened or radically changed since about 80 years ago when the intrepid Baron Haussmann slashed through the city with great boulevards. The Baron's aim was to knock out the small narrow crooked streets which served as perfect resistance pockets in the event of street riots. Cars were not even dreamt of then.

M. Dubois has introduced every possible device to fight the traffic menace—graduated and scientifically controlled signals, a ban on truck deliveries in jammed city areas, new one-way streets and special police patrols.

And all the while tens of thousands of shining new cars clog the Paris streets making daytime driving a major ordeal.

Underground Garages

Most draconic proposal of all is a ban on all parking in a "blue zone" in the centre of Paris. The scheme has so far been turned down by M. Dubois and Paris Mayor Bernard Lafay.

But it is down to the heart of all harassed taxi and bus drivers who dream of a Paris in which they would be the only drivers on the road.

M. Lafay winds up his year in office soon and he revealed recently he will then propose the building of nine enormous underground garages to ease the vicious parking problem.

Other proposed measures:

A mile-long viaduct rising over the streets to ease traffic tangles near the Gare de L'ouest and Gare du Nord.

Two tunnels running parallel to the banks of the Seine River to speed East-West traffic.

Shorter road tunnels to relieve congestion at the Place Clichy, Place des Terres and Porte Maillot.

One less urgent proposal is to cover over with a roadway the picturesque canal St. Martin whose banks have long been a haunt for strolling lovers.

Where the money for these projects would come from has yet to be made clear, nevertheless, the Paris newspapers and motorists continue to press them.

—United Press.

Wives Want Secret Ballot In Commons

London. Members of Parliament should have a secret ballot in the House of Commons, so that no one knows how they vote, says a proposal put forward by the British Housewives League.

The league's secretary Mrs B. M. Palmer, said "Thousands of people are sew up with the rigid party system."

"We think it would help the country if MPs voted according to their honest principles, and not on party orders."

Every member of the league has received the suggestion and is being invited to support and comment on it.

The league tells them that secret voting should be introduced "to end intimidation of members by their Party Whips."

Procedure

The proposal would mean that MPs no longer enter the "Aye" or "No" lobbies in the Commons, and that the names of those voting for or against a division are not published in Hansard, as at present.

How would MPs vote? Mrs Palmer said: "We have no proposal on that—after all, it is merely a matter of procedure. There may be one or two technical difficulties as to whether MPs would simply make a ballot paper or how else they might vote—but the point is that if the country wants it, ways and means could be found."

(London Express Service)

US Senator Plans Big Probe Into 'Baby Traffic'

New York.

An intensive investigation into the "black market" in babies operating in the United States and Canada is planned by Senator Estes Kefauver's Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency.

At hearings scheduled for Chicago, witnesses will be called to give evidence of "homes" where unmarried mothers are boarded until their babies are delivered.

Infants are then turned over to foster parents for a price. Requests for adoption of babies in the United States are about nine times as large as the number of infants available through social agencies.

20,000 Adoptions

Inter-state sale of babies for adoption is widespread, and there is also extensive traffic in babies from Canada to the United States.

Another target of the Senate inquiry is the relatively new practice of placing the prospective mother in a hospital under the name of someone who has arranged to take the baby after birth.

About 20,000 adoptions are arranged each year outside established public, private or Church agencies, but it is not known yet how many of these fall into the "black market."

The subcommittee may seek Federal legislation prohibiting inter-state traffic in babies for sale. At present there is no Federal law, and only 14 states ban such activities.

Killed Two Birds With One Shot

Madrid.

The white dove of Juan Guterres of Guadalupe might have flown right from a Picasso painting, for it ever a dove knows the blessings of peace it is this one.

Two falcons seized it from its pigeon loft and were flying away with it when Guterres leapt with his shot gun. The two falcons were felled with the single blast and the dove flew back to its loft quite unharmed.—United Press.



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NOW THEY HAVE SHEEP IN DUCK CLOTHING!

Not a wolf in sheep's clothing but a sheep in duck clothing... that's the new fashion trend on New Mexico sheep stations.

This year, all well-dressed sheep will be wearing a casual slip-on jacket made of the canvas-like cotton material commonly known as duck. By next winter, an estimated 500,000 sheep are going to be grazing on western mountain-sides in neat duck jackets.

Specialists at New Mexico Agriculture College came up with the idea. The jacket keeps a sheep's wool clean. Ranchers are enthusiastic about the idea. Everybody seems to like that jacket except the sheep. They just look at each other and say "baw."

New England, that's expensive dirt.

This spring the New Mexico sheep and wool expert, Mr J. Richard Stauffer, visited the

At shearing time recently Mr Stauffer found the sheep with jackets on had four pounds less dirt in their wool than the ones with the plastic coat and those with their bare wool exposed.

75 Cents Each

Mr Stauffer said this means a reduction of 25 cents a head in the marketing cost of the wool. The jackets had been on only two and a half months.

The jackets cost a rancher 75 cents each, and awning manufacturers who make them ready have orders for 50,000. Mr Stauffer estimates as many as 100,000 may be in use by autumn.

Good For 4 Years

A sheep will get about four years' wear out of a jacket, depending on whether it grazes on open plains or on brush-studded mountain-sides.

One other thing, Mr Stauffer pointed out—the winter-time death rate among cotton-jacketed sheep will be lower than that for sheep without jackets.

For an experiment, he put the jackets on one group of sheep, sprayed some others with a plastic solution that is also supposed to keep wool clean, and left some others untouched.

Victor Perez, Ranch at Escondido, New Mexico, with a trial wardrobe of duck jackets.

"Looks duckly doesn't he?"

Looks duckly doesn't he?

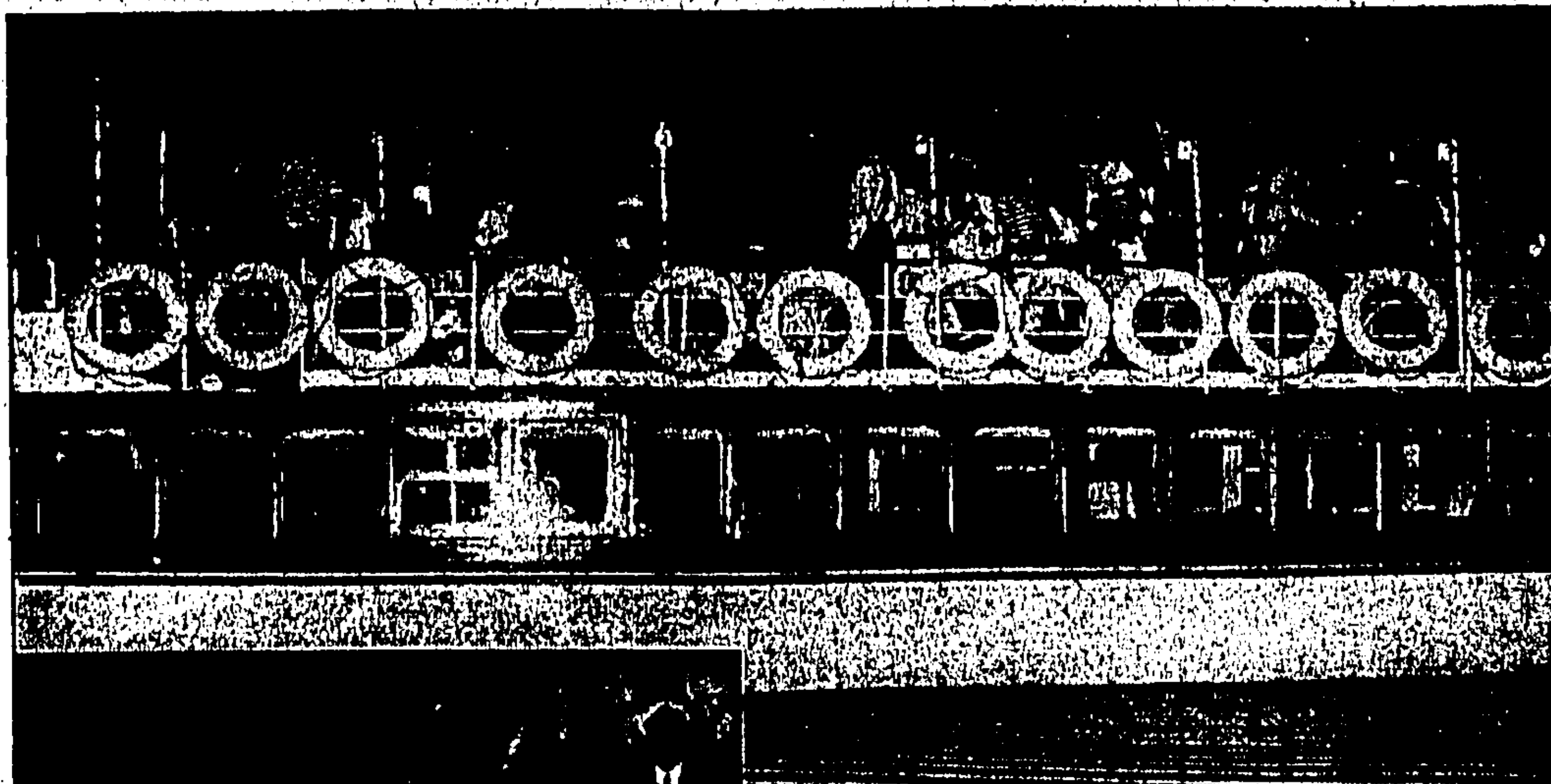
Looks duckly doesn't he?

Looks duckly doesn't he?

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE Duke of Edinburgh in the robes of Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Arts walking in procession at the convocation recently. (Express)



LEFT: London's Continental restaurant quarter went gayer than ever celebrating Scho Fair. Celebrations and competitions went on everywhere. One of the favourites was drinking from a porron, a Spanish drinking glass. English bullfighter Vincent Hitchcock tries it, with the help of his wife. (Express)



BELOW: Princess Alexandra looks on as Lord O'Neill lights a cigarette for Lady Moyra Hamilton at the Victoria League Ball, held at the Dorchester Hotel, London. (Express)

RIGHT: The Aga Khan leaves his London hotel after a short indisposition. He is giving the commissionaire a hot tip for Ascot. (Express)

EVERYONE had a gay night on the river. In casual summer clothes, guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire enjoying the bonny summer evening aboard one of two barges moored in the Thames. Dancing went on until the early morning. Left: Princess Margaret arrives at the party, wearing a colourful calypso skirt. Bowing to the Princess is the Duke of Devonshire. Princess Alexandra is on extreme left. (Express)



WEDDING in London of 24-year-old Ann Saville, daughter of film director Victor Saville, and 41-year-old John Woolf, a distant cousin. Miss Saville has an American science degree—and doesn't want to be an actress! Mr Woolf finances films; he financed "The African Queen" and "Moulin Rouge." (Express)



A wider beat—but this beat will not be music to the ears of London's car thieves, reckless drivers and other road offenders. For these London bobbies in training at Hendon Police College will extend their mobile beat on these new Velocette motor cycles, which are lighter than the usual cycles. (Express)



DAVID KWOK, 36-year-old Hongkong artist, poses before one of his brush paintings now on exhibition at the Imperial Institute in London. His work has been given very good notices by London newspapers. (Express)



THE Mau Mau killed Christopher Robin. And so his mother, Mrs Naomi Twohey, with her husband, went to London "to talk to the Queen as mother to mother" about the lack of protection for children in Kenya. Mrs Twohey brought a petition signed by 4,200 Kenya women of all races calling for better security arrangements to safeguard the young. (Express)



AN innovation at Ascot this summer. It is a creche where children, belonging to racegoers can play while their parents get on with the much harder work of trying to spot the winners. One corner of the creche showing children at play. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK
MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

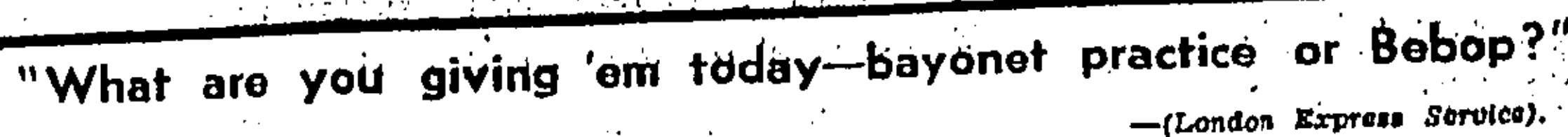
by
ARTHUR MORLEY

BIG CHANGE

THE FINDINGS

Petrov, the man who started
 if all received payment of
 \$5,000 from the Australian
 Government when he surrendered
 on Soviet documents to Australian
 security. How he will live o
 ther. Whether he can make
 new life in this democracy, c
 whether the Soviet agents will trac
 him down and get their revenge
 this time can tell.

* EXPRESSION TRADITIONALLY USED TO DESCRIBE THE APPEARANCE OF NEW ARMY RECRUITS

[illegible]

Next Saturday:
NOSE-DIVE INTO HISTORY.

Strange visions

The moon became distorted into fantastic shapes, while all around the clouds seemed twisted into grotesque giants and ogres threatening the Vimy with destruction.

The plunge

Alfred, president of the union, said the company was going to pay out all the money it could. He was disappointed to hear that.

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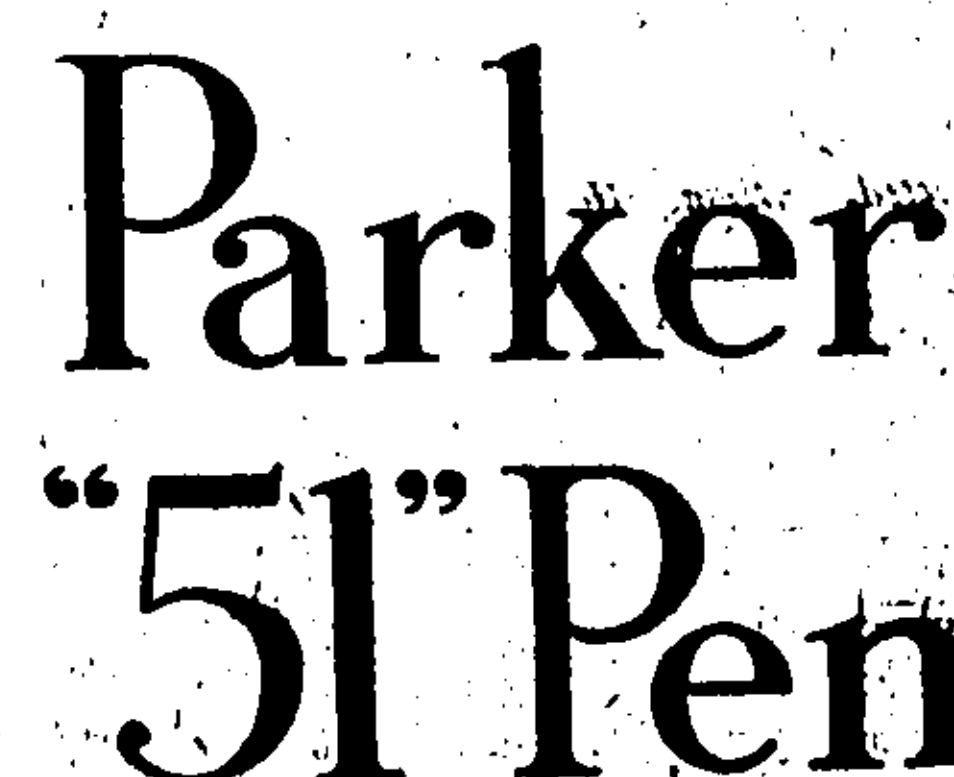
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
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Fresh from his triumph, the conqueror of Ethiopia plunges into the darkest episode of his career... the day when 'Satan sat on his shoulder' in a Cairo hotel

IN the hot days of summer in Cairo in 1941 Satan sat on Wingate's shoulder. His neighbours in the rooms on either side of him at the Continental Hotel could hear him groaning and praying and singing psalms.

Freddie Hoffmann, the Swiss manager of the hotel, tried to cheer him up when he passed through the hall, but was brusquely repulsed.

After his privations in Ethiopia Wingate's physical state was low. The only time he cheered up was when a message arrived through an officer at G.H.Q. to say that his Jewish secretary, Akavia, was on his way, and would arrive by flying-boat from Khartoum the next day.

THE DELAY

THE following afternoon Wingate went down to the flying-boat landing base on the Nile and waited for the passengers to disembark. They came ashore. Akavia was not among them. Wingate asked repeatedly for Akavia, but no one could tell him anything.

In fact, Akavia had been delayed 24 hours.

Orde Wingate went back to the Continental Hotel. The occupant of the next room heard him talking to himself for a time, after which he began to shout and sing. The singing and shouting became so loud that even in the Continental Hotel, which is surrounded by a babel of babbling bootblacks, touts, taxi-drivers, and beggars, the note in Wingate's voice had a penetrating urgency to it.

When the words of distress were followed by the thud of a body on the floor the neighbour decided to call the manager. Hoffmann charged down the door.

Wingate was thrashing in agony on the floor of his bath-

room, with a rusty Ethiopian knife clutched in his hand. He had cut his throat.

What had happened to reduce the conqueror of Ethiopia to this state of despair?

This was the man who a few weeks earlier rode triumphantly into Addis Ababa on a white horse after restoring Haile Selassie to his throne.

It had been a fantastic campaign.

Wingate used 25,000 camels to take Haile Selassie back into his kingdom. He loaded them with food, ammunition, and propaganda leaflets at Um Idia, a ford on the Dinder River, near the Ethiopian border.

The last of the camels died on a hill overlooking Addis Ababa. The rest died en route. Their bones made a series of signposts from the Sudan border to the heart of Ethiopia; and in the Sudan they still argue whether they needed to die.

WINGATE TRIES TO KILL HIMSELF

by
LEONARD MOSLEY

THEY LAY DOWN

HALFWAY across the plain between the massif of Be-laya and the Goffem Highlands, the majority of Wingate's camels decided to demonstrate their incapacity for heavy loads. They lay down on the Ethiopian plain. Wingate ordered fires built under their bellies to make them rise.

Most of the camels did not rise, but preferred a living cremation.

Emperor Haile Selassie was almost provoked back into his kingdom by Wingate.

At first Wingate rode ahead on a mule, followed by a truck

driven by Reuter's was correspondent, Kenneth Anderson; their intention being to blaze a trail through the rock, scrub and elephant grass for the emperor's convoy. But the lorry almost literally fell to pieces after 48 hours of appalling shaking and bumping.

Once the lorry in which Haile Selassie was travelling overturned. Wingate rode over to the semi-conscious body of the emperor and stared at it in fury, as if to say: "After all my work, I just dare you to die!"

Haile Selassie struggled to his feet and said: "Let us get to work to get the lorry upright again." He suffered incredible hardships, but he never complained.

A FEAST

FOOD consisted mainly of dried dates, onions, and there was very little water. Wingate adopted his habit, as he did on all his campaigns of neither washing nor shaving while the operation was in progress.

But there were some remarkable military victories, all due to the genius of Wingate.

He knew how to win campaigns with few men. He had ideas that were to revolutionise military tactics, and are still in the process of doing so.

In Ethiopia he proved all the theories of the science of war over which he had struggled through his lifetime. "Given a population favourable to 'penetration by a force of highly trained soldiers,' he

used to say, "a thousand resolute and well-armed men can paralyse for an indefinite period the operations of a hundred thousand."

The Wingate method worked in Ethiopia with startling success. Prince Mangasha, the most potent Ethiopian leader of them all, came down the mountainside to meet Wingate's first column with all the pomp and circumstance of a medieval prince.

NO FIGHT

IT was a night of feasting and drinking, with both men seeking to out-fox the other. Wingate stuffed himself to the full on roasted goats and sheep. Mangasha ate until the fat ran down his plump face and he was hiccupping between every word.

And he waited for the bribe he believed he was going to get; instead of which, Wingate thanked him for his attendance at the banquet, saluted the Ethiopian flag, and retired to sleep.

It took Mangasha several days to realise that he was not going to be bribed at all, and several more before he realised that he had met his match both as a negotiator and as a soldier; after which he offered to help Wingate on Wingate's terms.

His successes were the result of bluff and daring even more than his tactics in encouraging local help.

He captured Debra Maskos, an important fortress along the Nile, and discovered that the telephone connections to Addis Ababa and other Italian strong-points were still connected. He

BRITAIN'S STRANGEST HERO—Chapter Five



The doom of a report
Auchinleck talks to Wingate about his complaints on Ethiopia. G.H.Q. ordered the memorandum to be burned.

AN EMMWOOD DRAWING

Immediately called in Edmund Stevens, an American war correspondent who spoke fluent Italian, and asked him to speak to the enemy operator down the line. He did so, and told him that a large army was on its way; as a result of which all the important forts along the Nile were evacuated by the Italians and captured without a fight.

Sometimes Wingate's moods and his frantic rages disturbed his subordinates; and they were apt to increase as his state of health grew lower.

Once he walked in upon his second-in-command, Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Simonds, who had just achieved a considerable victory at no small cost to the stamina of himself and his staff, and berated him violently for some trivial oversights.

Simonds' sergeant-major, Grey, listened to the tirade with growing distress, and then, with a great groan, fell to the ground in a faint. When he was brought back to consciousness he had gone blind.

Wingate was overcome with remorse, and stayed at Simonds' headquarters for three days, nursing Grey until he recovered partial sight.

His military successes should have made Wingate happy. But he was worried by the political intrigues which interfered with his campaign.

IGNORED

THE commanders of the white troops fighting in East Africa were General Platt in the north, trying to break through the Italian defensive position at Koren, and General Cunningham in the south, trying to give his South African troops the special and peculiar honour of restoring a black king to the throne of a black empire.

The liberation of the black man's empire was to be a white man's job. Wingate sent repeated messages saying that, with a few more supplies and a little air support, he could reach Addis Ababa well before the South African Army, but got no reply.

It is only fair to say that Wingate did not answer signals either. He repeatedly ignored General Platt's requests for information.

He fought the last stages of the campaign before the liberation of Abyssinia in a physical state bordering on malnutrition, and a mental state bordering on breakdown.

When the patriot army under Wingate, with Emperor Haile Selassie in his charge, came to the outskirts of the capital, Addis Ababa, they learned that the South Africans had entered first.

Wingate immediately wired for permission to fly in the emperor for a "triumphant return to his capital." Permission was refused. It was a white man's victory, and the emperor was to have no part of it.

Wingate received a message from General Cunningham telling him that perhaps the emperor would be allowed to return to his capital in May (it was now April), but that even this was doubtful in view of the fact that the Ethiopians in the capital, intoxicated by the sight of their emperor, might start a riot and massacre the Italian enemy civilians in the town.

UNFORGIVABLE

WINGATE advised Haile Selassie to displace Cunningham's rule; and, in fact, the emperor did so. He moved upon his old capital and, on May 6, 1941, followed by Wingate on a white horse, by Wingate's Jewish civilian secretary, and by Sudanese and Ethiopian troops, he made his triumphal entry. There was national rejoicing and much celebration, but neither riot nor massacre.

It would be too strong to say that both General Platt and Cunningham found this conduct on the part of Wingate unforgivable. They were his superior officers and, of course, they were looking at wide horizons; and that must be the explanation for the curious orders which reached Wingate.

He went on to do battle against the remaining Italian outposts, and was most successful in spite of a succession of orders from Khartoum saying: "Break off engagement immediately and proceed to Debra Tabor minus details." Wingate was in the middle of an action, Akavia was acting as his signal officer, and for 24 hours they pretended that the message could not be understood.

ON HIS MULE

AFTER this the recall signals from Khartoum became peremptory and could no longer be misinterpreted. Wingate turned the funds of the Ethiopian Mission over to the members. Then he mounted a mule and rode off to South African Army Headquarters, where he was due to have an interview with General Cunningham.

"I will see you here within a week," Wingate told Akavia. But Wingate did not know how much he was disliked, and how much his presence in Ethiopia was resented by his military superiors.

His interview with General Cunningham is not for the records at the moment, but can at least be described as neither friendly nor the meeting of two like minds on the subject of war or Ethiopia. Wingate was ordered to proceed without delay to Cairo.

In Cairo he had thought that he might possibly be welcomed back as a conquering hero, and discovered, instead, that no one knew anything about him. He was profoundly depressed by his failure.

Meanwhile he settled down to write his report on the Ethiopian campaign. Wavell has referred to it as "a vehement memorandum of protest at the grievances suffered by him and his officers."

But the burden of Wingate's complaints was of a much more serious character.

He had some devastating criticisms to make of the help he was given by H.Q., Khartoum; and of the whole nature of Regular Army reaction to irregular operations. He described the arms with which he was provided as "junk" and the Ethiopian patriot troops as "inefficient and worthless. A little more effort would have made them of real value."

He accused the staffs at G.H.Q. of being hostile. He ended by calling those responsible for his difficulties "military apes." Wrote General Wavell: "I would have been justified in arresting him for insubordination."

The memorandum exploded in G.H.Q., Middle East, Cairo, with the effect of a stench bomb thrown at the moment when members of the household were trying to cope with real fire and flood; the devastations in Greece and Crete.

General Wavell read Wingate's report in between despatches from the Mediterranean, and was inclined to ignore it; and then, a thoughtful man, he got into touch with me. "You were in the Ethiopian campaign," he said. "What did you think about Wingate and his men?" I replied that I had already seen a draft of Wingate's memorandum and found it substantially accurate. "I wish he hadn't written it," said Wavell. "It will make him many enemies here."

Next day he sent for Wingate.

The interview was a long one, and they parted on bad terms.

At this time the battle in the Mediterranean was going against us. Wavell was replaced as commander-in-chief by General Auchinleck.

REPORT BURNED

AUCHINLECK took one look at Wingate's memorandum and sent for him. He had, no doubt, also read the confidential report on Wingate's record. He had always been a strictly orthodox soldier with a keen admiration for an honest face, a clear eye, a well-shaven chin, an impeccable uniform and a smart salute.

The arrival of Wingate, in his famous topee and long-unbuttoned bush-shirt and shorts, must have given him well-scrubbed military leader a considerable shock.

Wingate returned from this interview more depressed and unwrapped in gloom than ever before. His memorandum was not accepted as an official report. G.H.Q. ordered it to be burned—and only three copies exist today, none of them in official archives. He had few friends in Cairo. He telephoned me at Shepherd's Hotel and left a message: "Urgent. Colonel Wingate called twice. Please meet him at the Continental." But I was away in the Western Desert.

Several times in his lifetime Orde Wingate had suddenly been mentally agonised by a feeling that Satan was tempting him to destroy himself. "I know my moments of tranquillity," he once said to me, "when I can relax and be at peace. But for most of my life I walk on the edge separating good and evil. And when evil possesses me, as it sometimes does, I know that the only answer is to destroy myself."

That was the mood that gripped him when he seized the knife in his hotel bathroom.

(WORLD COPYRIGHT)

Next Saturday:

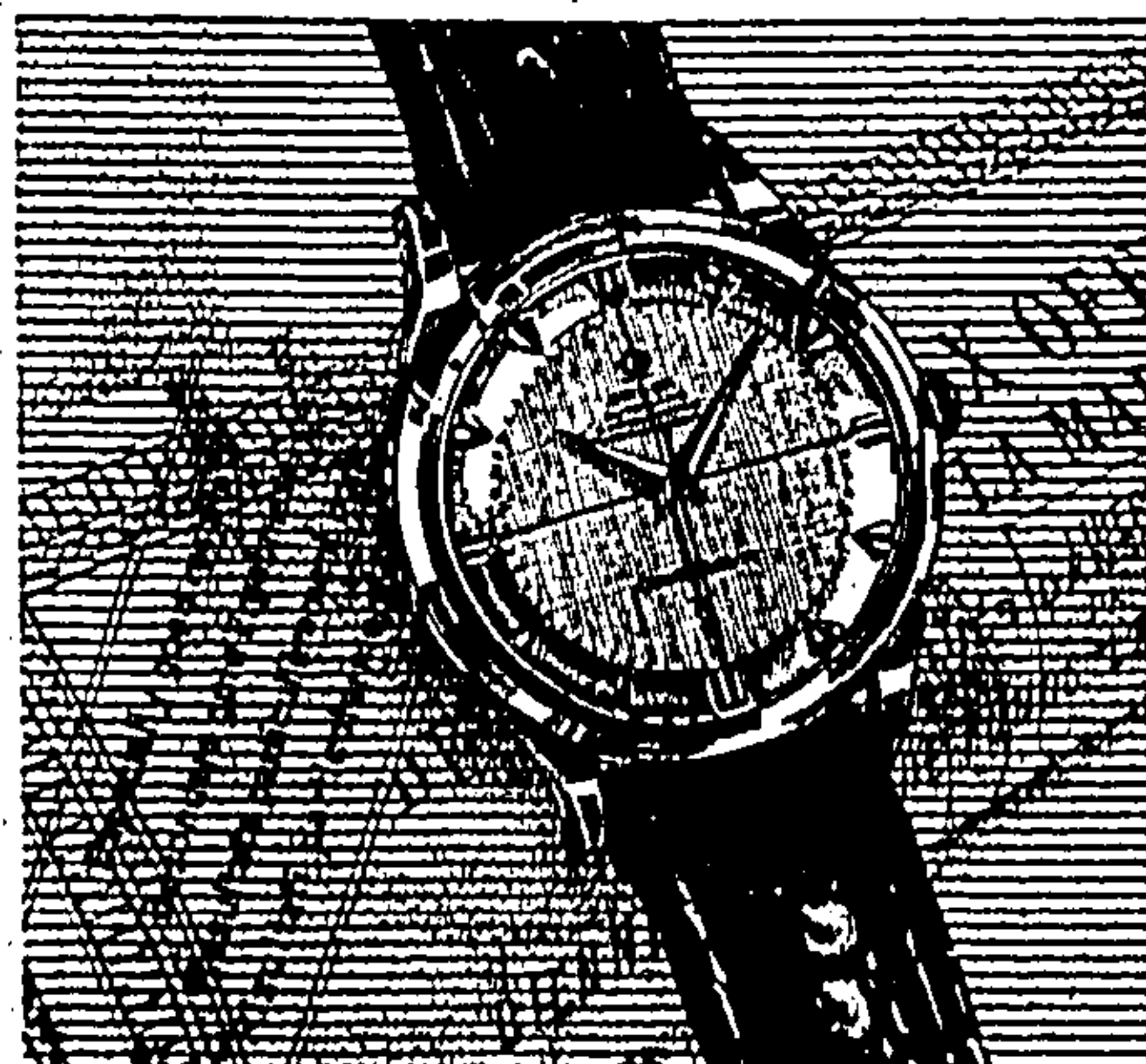
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World's Greatest Swindler

THE world's greatest swindler, 65-year-old Virgilio Alvers dos Reis, died recently in Lisbon—and there wasn't even enough money to pay for his funeral.

The man behind the 1925 Portuguese banknote case spent the last months of his life on a straw mattress in a windowless room, still watched by a policeman from the narrow street outside.

Thirty years ago, Alvers dos Reis, using foreign contacts and credentials, had an English banknote firm print 200,000 Portuguese banknotes of 500 escudos—worth well over £1,000,000.

After smuggling the money into Portugal, Alvers dos Reis lived like a king. He indulged in fabulous debts, bought palaces and even founded his own bank.

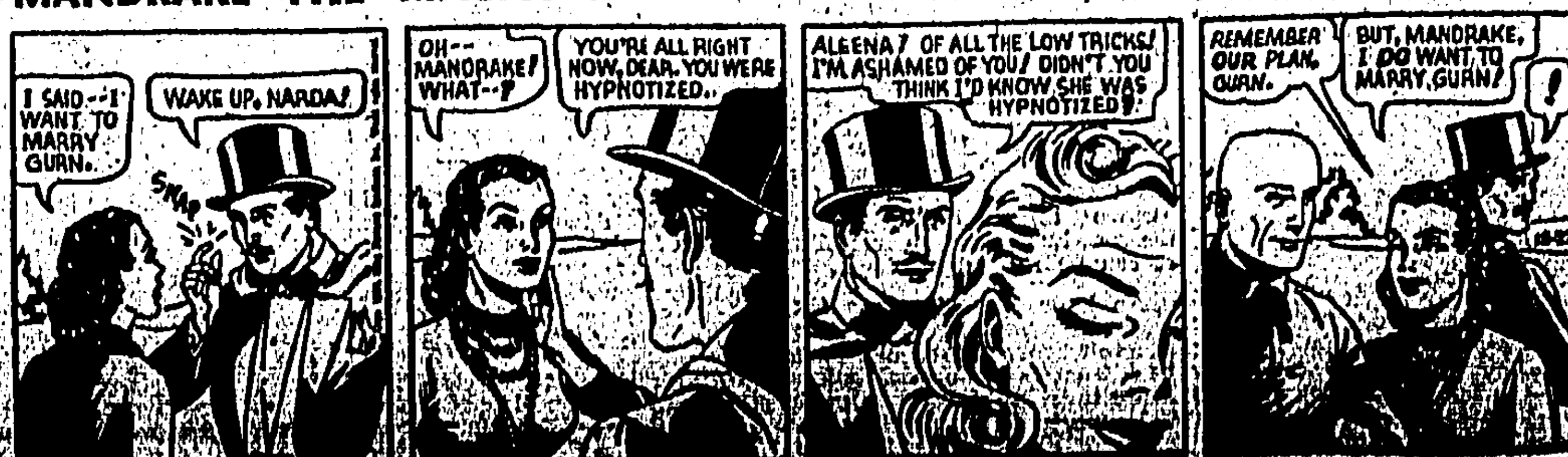
When the fraud was discovered by three Portuguese reporters, Alvers dos Reis went to jail for 28 years, and the Portuguese Government was awarded \$1,500,000 damages against the banknote company by an English court.

The swindler served 25 years of his sentence and was released for good conduct, but he hit the front pages again in March this year when he was found guilty of swindling a coffee trader and was sentenced to another four years' imprisonment.

Too old to serve time he was confined to his home, a small first storey apartment in Lisbon, and a police guard was posted outside day and night.—London Express Service.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



THE FORTUNE-TELLER

WHEN I first came up to London, dressed in a little brown corduroy suit all over pockets like a gamekeeper, I was very lucky in that I immediately placed my first short story with the English Review, and that my old nurse, who only had £100 a year of her own, had made me a present of £50 to start life with.

This enabled me to take a basement room, in which I hung my clothes in a packing-case not as tall as they were and slept in a packing-case not as long as I was.

Going blind

With the money that I had been given for my first short story, I went at once to spend a long week-end with my old nurse at Weston-super-Mare, for she was fast going blind and I felt responsible for her.

Nan was living in a little boarding-house, and on the evening of my arrival we went down together to the dining-room for the high-tea which was the last meal of the day.

On my other side, at the same long table, sat somebody called affectionately "Bessie" by the boarding-house keeper, and we exchanged a smile and a few words.

She seemed elderly to me but then in 1912 anyone over 20 seemed to me to have left youth behind and I thought she must be 30 at least.

There was nothing naturally striking in her appearance and no one made up in those days. I assumed, since she had come in alone and from her general appearance and manner, that she was a maiden lady. But, passing interest, I was in human beings, it did not occur to me that people who lived in boarding-houses might be dull.

I was pleased that she had obviously taken a liking to me and I walked along the sea-front with her two afternoons.

Nan was resting. She was dying to talk to somebody and I like being talked to.

"They are all rather dreadful people in this boarding-house, aren't they?" she began, "except your dear old friend, I mean. It is such a comfort to see you. One misses one's own kind. I have known much better things and sometimes it makes me very discontented."

I murmured something to the effect that I was very sorry.

After talking a little of her childhood and comfortable upbringing, she proceeded to tell me that she had had a love affair—a really great love affair—two years ago, her family had thought her a failure because she had never married. "But you see," she said, "when I did marry, they didn't like that either."

Wonderful

"You did marry?" I asked. "But then..."

"He had to leave me, quite soon after... there was wonderful. My family do not approve and have never forgiven me, but luckily they can't take my money away from me. For as long as I live I shall have my £100 a year."

"How lovely," I exclaimed sincerely.

In the course of our walks she told me that her father had died some years before. She had not been trained for any occupation or profession, for he had been a gentleman, a bank manager, and she understood nothing at all of money matters. A sum had been left her and had been turned into a trust for



The curtain was drawn back and I bumped into a man who was coming out.

her, and she received it monthly—except for the accumulation of nearly £150, which she had been able to give to her dear husband on their marriage. "But if I die," she said, "it has to go back to my family unless there is some way of getting out of that. I would much like my husband to have it all."

Interesting

Like Alice, I thought this was curious and interesting. All life, I felt, was my province, for what I was a writer? And people like this were as interesting to me as royalty.

I talked to Nan about her fellow-boarder before I left. "Married?" said Nan. "Yes, she's told me that, and she calls herself Mrs. Williams. But some how I don't believe a word of it. And no man has ever come here after her. The poor thing is so lonely and useless that it helps her to pretend to be married, that's what I think. Talking of a secret husband makes her feel less of a failure in life."

A year or two later, I was again visiting Nan, who had moved to Worthing. The 1914-18 war had begun and I travelled with difficulty because of troop movements. I, myself, had been to France and Belgium and my spare time was limited, but Nan was the last person who could be neglected.

We talked as usual. "Do you remember, Bessie?" she asked, "who always said she had been married and got so excited about it?"

I nodded.

"Well, it was true after all. I had never believed her, but the husband turned up one day. She fell into his arms and they went away together."

Happily

"That's something that has ended happily anyway," I said. "Look, Nan, there's a fortune-teller. What a funny name he calls himself... Omega. Shall I go and have my fortune told?"

"Do, darling," said Nan. "I will sit here and wait for you."

I tucked her coat firmly round her and knocked at Mr Omega's door, but on the same instant the curtain was drawn back and I bumped into a man who was coming out. It was evidently not Mr Omega, for he called me to come in. It was a previous client, I supposed, a seedy-looking person with a vulpine expression. I was glad to leave the curtain open and air the little room.

Mr Omega read my palm, and I found as I always do, that you say nothing to a fortune-teller he can say nothing to you. Only from the things you let out can they guess the right sort of thing to say about you, but if you keep "mum" no spirit seems willing to come to their aid. Mr Omega told me nothing. He explained that this was because I had led the ordinary sheltered life of a

person who could be neglected. We talked as usual. "Do you remember, Bessie?" she asked, "who always said she had been married and got so excited about it?" I nodded.

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whom I had met at Weston-super-Mare.

My Bessie

She had been Bessie, the only Bessie of my acquaintance, but she had been called Mrs. Williams. Then suddenly I heard the Counsel for the Crown saying: "She met the prisoner while he was posing as Henry Williams... they went through a ceremony of marriage at a registrar's office on the 20th August and were known as Mr and Mrs Williams."

Good gracious! Then this was my Bessie... that poor woman whose husband had deserted her... whom she had forgiven and so happily rejoined when he found her again.

Nan had told me all about it at Worthing. Worthing? Once more something clicked in my mind... that was where I had run into the seedy vulpine-looking man coming out from a little fortune-telling booth... the man who was a "traveller in antiques" whose life—according to the fortune-teller—was to have a sudden and unfortunate termination. That was where I had seen the face in the dock... at Worthing, on the pier.

Prospered

I have to admit that though Mr Omega told me nothing, he was entirely correct about Mr George Joseph Smith.

A more foul murderer never lived. He believed he had found the perfect murder and indeed he had prospered by his system. He chose his murderers with care... women who were no longer young, who wanted to be married, who were above him socially and had a little nest-egg or an income to convert... women whom he could fascinate.

The death sentence is a horrible thing to hear and I did not like hearing it. Nevertheless, it could not help thinking of Miss Burnham, whom I had not

Antics

"He's a dealer in antiques, y'ken," said Mr Omega, who was very obviously from North of the Tweed, "and he comes here and see if I have any antiques for him. Seemingly he does very well with his antiques."

"Now, that's not all on his hand," I said. "What have you seen that is marked on his hand?"

"I canna see much, except... and he paused a moment, "that his life has a sudden and unfortunate termination."

"That might be said of any of us in wartime, I suppose," I said laughingly. And I paid Mr Omega, took in his milk bottle which had been deposited outside the curtain and presented it to him.

In 1915, the following year, my Tennyson blood becoming more insistent with me, I began to take a stronger and stronger interest in murder.

A trial came on at the Old Bailey which I was all agog to see.

It was an interesting trial, and the whole panoply of justice, new to me, absorbed my attention. I looked at the man in the dock. He had a sort of coarse and flashy good looks, but his face, with its extraordinarily low-set ears, seemed to me to be an ignoble mixture of the culture and the fox.

That he was suspected of kidnapping and murdering so many women struck me as amazing. I could not understand their taste. But his face was vaguely familiar to me. Where, I asked myself—who had seen so many new faces in the last few years—had I seen him before?

Impressed

The handsome silver head of Marshall Hall, doing his best for an impossible client, fascinated me. I was impressed by the dignity of Mr Justice Scrutton, the first Judge of the King's Bench I had ever seen. I tried to take in everything at once. The accused was being tried for the murder of a woman who believed herself to be his wife. Apparently he had drowned her in her bath. He had been most unfortunate with baths, for two other women whom he had "married" had also drowned in their baths, Alice Burnham and Margaret Lofly.

This was permitted to be said in Court as evidence of system, though he was only on trial "because he of his malice aforethought had feloniously and wilfully killed and murdered Bessie Constance Annie Mundy."

Bessie, I thought. Bessie? No, I don't know any Bessie. And then I remembered that strange, romantic, over-intense woman

names of every British king and queen since AD 1000. With a little research Pat came up with the answers.

Most of the questions asked of her are simple ones, such as where classical music can be heard of where one goes to meet a girl in such and such a city.

For all this Pat admits that she's lonely mingling with 2,000 airmen. "I really have no time for social life," she says. "And they are so busy with their own problems and interests for miles around."

London Express wanted to know the Christian Service.

She Solves Airmen's Problems

Molesworth, England. 24-year-old brunette and two assistants are being paid £10 a week to solve the off-duty problems of 2,000 American airmen at an airbase near here.

And Patricia Smylie, leader of the trio, has been busy answering questions which range from the use of the British Health Service by American wives to queries about board and lodging, boxing and polo.

Patricia is known as a Community Relations Officer.

was sent by the Air Ministry as a goodwill envoy to air bases throughout the country... and the service has become popular that the Americans asked for 12 more just like her.

One of her biggest problems now is trying to find 1,000 brown trout for airmen who have found a fishing ground and fancy a bit of smoking.

A number of British angling associations are busy trying to find them for her.

Another officer recently wanted to know the Christian Service.

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London Express wanted to know the Christian Service.

NO ONE ASKED ME FOR HELP SAYS MR ONASSIS

PARIS NEWSLETTER BY WILLIAM ROLAND

Paris. WHEN Greek-born ship owner Mr Aristotile Onassis arrived at Orly Airport from America there were many here who linked his visit with the difficulties of the Monaco banking and precious metals company.

For Mr Onassis has a large stake in Monaco. He and his friends control the Societe des Bains de Mer, which owns the Casino. He was even hailed in some quarters as the potential saviour of the bank, which has a deficit estimated at £700,000 sterling.

LESS DRAMATIC

The truth is less dramatic. He told me at his home in the Avenue Foch: "I do not know where people got the idea from that I am in any way concerned in the affairs of the bank."

"It has nothing to do with me, though naturally as one with business in Monaco I should be glad to see a settlement of the bank's affairs. If I were asked for help I would have to consider what I could do. But I have not been asked."

And no move to ask the help of Mr Onassis has been detected in Monaco, where the report of the committee of investigation is expected soon. A govern-

ment spokesman there said: "If Mr Onassis wants to make a gift that is his affair."

THE NEAR EAST

Mr Onassis has since boarded his yacht and sailed to the Near East.

He and his British-born wife Tina are on their way to Jeddah. There an inaugural ceremony is to take place aboard a giant tanker owned by one of Mr Onassis's companies which is to sail under the Saudi Arabian flag.

Since Onassis and his friends have gained control of the Monte Carlo Casino Company its affairs have taken a turn for the better. Last year it made a profit for the first time for many years.

But relations between Onassis and Prince Rainier, the ruler of Monaco, are somewhat cool; they seldom meet socially.

HAND-PICKED

THE Duke of Windsor is having trouble getting gardeners for his country home, Moulin Aulbert, in the Valley of the Chevreuse. He hand-picks them. For the moment he is without any. He and Prince Dimitri—nephew of the last Tsar of Russia—who represents a whisky firm, have been weeding the paths together.

WHICH WAR?

A MEDAL has just been awarded for war service to Scaphin Provost of Arras. Which war? The Franco-Prussian. Mr Provost is 108.

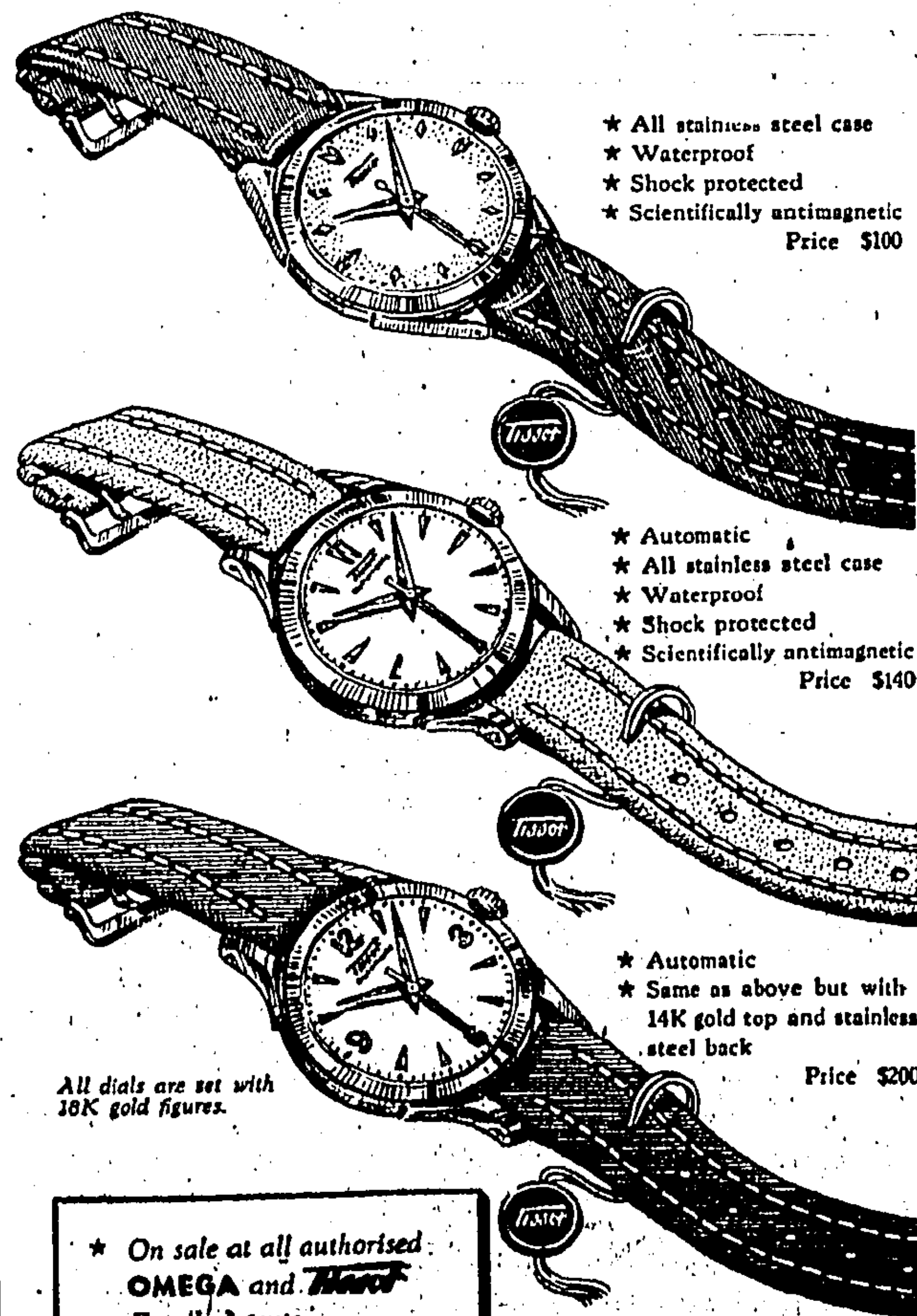
QUOTES OF THE WEEK

CAPTAIN of a Paris Bateau Mouche, told that Elsa Maxwell was bringing a party on board: Elsa to port, her guests to starboard.

Author Arthur Koestler: Adam and Eve must surely have been Soviet citizens—they were naked. The fruit that they ate was forbidden but nevertheless they thought they were in paradise.

M. Henri Soum, new head of the Monaco Government, on the bank crisis: I have a horror of financial matters. At home my wife keeps all the accounts.

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Men! How Do You Like Your New Silhouette?

By Dorothy Barkley

London. PARIS may be the acknowledged leader of styles for women's fashion, but in men's designs London has an undisputed lead. The sartorial silhouette may not seem to alter very much from year to year, but whatever changes occur, however slight, have usually been originated by the tailors of Savile Row.

The latest trends in men's styles were recently on show in the marbled hall of one of London's stately old homes—Hutchinson House. They were planned by members of the men's fashion council for their clothes-conscious customers.



LEFT: First picture of the sundown jacket. It has roll collar, one button front, and crescent pockets, and is made in Cambridge blue doeskin.

RIGHT: New to the City types—a black jacket, and black waistcoat with sponge-bag check trousers.

like a cross between a blazer and a formal dinner jacket, and is suggested for the smart young man to wear when the day's work is done. It is made in Cambridge blue doeskin, has a roll collar, one-button fastening, and crescent-shaped pockets.

The sundown jacket made in 12 ounce doeskin, is especially suitable for hot countries.

And something has happened to the City suit. Gone is the sedate pin stripe. In its place has come a dashing outfit made up of single-breasted jacket and matching waistcoat in black Shetland coating, contrasted with narrow trousers in black and white sponge buck check. But whether the men about the City—traditionally the most conservative of all in dress—will take note of this remains to be seen.

Those looking for the very latest accessory are offered the postbox waistcoat in yellow Bedford cord. It is longer than average, buttons high and is finished, unusually, with a collar.

When it comes to evening wear, Savile Row suggests a dress overcoat in black worsted, lined with white satin and topped with a waist-deep persian lamb collar. But these are materials that most men will gladly leave to the fairer sex.

One of the World's Strangest Stories

Lost Children Of Charfield

By ROBERT CHAPMAN

IT was just before dawn on a misty October morning in 1928. Outside the oil-lit village railway station at Charfield (Gloucestershire) a heavy-eyed men were shunting a goods train across the main line.

Then thundering out of the darkness, came the night mail to Bristol. Nothing could stop it. The goods engine was hurled off the track into a field. The express tripped and plunged among the loaded trucks.

And into this seething mass of wood and metal a moment later crashed a second goods train. The wreckage shot up in a jagged pyramid and burst into flames.

Sixteen people were killed and 41 injured. There were sights and sounds which haunted the people of the sleepy Cotswold village of grey stone cottages and pretty gardens long after the wreckage had been cleared away and the dead carried slowly up the hill to the old parish churchyard.

A Mystery

And when the shock of it all had passed away there remained a mystery which is still unsolved.

The other day I went up the hill myself and stood among the tilted tombstones. There was a high wind blowing in the tree-tops, and I looked at the granite cross marking the place where the crash victims were buried. After the names of those identified I came across the words: "Two Unknown."

That is the mystery of Charfield.

Who were the two unknown people? The police could not find out, nor did abundant newspaper publicity produce the answer. And what makes the mystery so pathetic as well as perplexing is that the two cottagers' young children—believed to be a boy of 12 and a girl between six and nine years old.

Had they been alone on the train? Where did they come from and where were they going? What did they look like? Had they no parents or other relatives?

Such questions spring instantly to mind, but they are not new questions; they are questions which have been asked over and over again—always in vain—since the charred remains of the children were lifted from the still-smouldering debris.

There was just enough for positive medical evidence to be given at the inquest—evidence supported by a ticket collector who testified that he had clipped the tickets of a boy and girl who joined the train at Gloucester.

None of the survivors remembered them, however, and after months of fruitless inquiry it was suggested that the bodies might be those of adults but Dr H. Walshman Ward who examined them shook his head.

To this day he insists the remains were of children, and Mr Archie Ayres the village carpenter who made coffins for the victims, agrees.

"They were children all right," he told me. "The little shoes showed that. All charred they were but you could tell by the size." Otherwise the only clue was part of a child's stocking bearing the letters "G.S.S.S."

His memories of the crash—the cries and screams sounding eerily through the white mist, and the blinding explosions of gas cylinders as flames roared above the road bridge over the railway—are still vivid.

So devastating was the fire, he says, that there may well have been other bodies completely consumed in it and perhaps among them was a parent or guardian of the children. And this theory is shared by another villager, Miss Rosina Wills, J.P., who will never forget the sickening sound that woke her on the ghastly red glow at her bedroom window.

Not will she forget how the people of Charfield ran half-clad from their cottages and scrambled down the embankment to drag the injured from the flames.

"It never seemed possible that we accounted for every one," she said. "But even if relatives died with the children, why weren't they missed?"

Wore Black

And then she told me about the mysterious woman in black who used to come to the churchyard and pray by the granite cross every year.

But I heard more about this woman from a frail, grey-haired man of 70 living in a white-walled cottage opposite the ancient parish church of St James. Mr Maurice Withorn often saw her but her face was always veiled.

"She wore black and used to arrive in a big car with a chauffeur," he told me. "She used to kneel at the foot of the cross with her hands together, stay for a few minutes and then go back to the car. She did not speak to anyone."

There is no evidence, of course, that the woman had anything to do with the two children, and she has not been seen for several years, but the village people always believed there was a connection. Was it simply grief that brought her back year after year, they wondered or was it remorse?

(Continued on Page 19, Col. 6)

—Could you pass— THE TOP-DRAWER TEST?

WHAT is your social class? What is your particular rung on the ladder?

MIDDLE CLASS, you say? Then which middle class is yours? The upper—or the lower?

And where do other people place you? Some advertising experts take the plunge and grade you in rough and ready fashion according to your income. More than £1,300 a year? Then you rank with Class A, the well to do. Between £450 and £800? Lower middle class.

Deeper

But now university professors are also studying the problem. For them income is just a surface test. They push their probes much deeper. To test your class they note every word you say. They note your dress and your address. They note the meals you eat and the way you eat them. They even note what time you eat them. Which tests

It's not what you earn—it's how you eat and talk that gives you a grade (according to the professors)

by PERCY HOWARD

Class Three does the same as Class Two—but it talks of "serviettes." Finally, Class Four squirms into focus: it never uses table-napkins at all.

MEAL-TIME TESTS. You will get a lower rating if you—

Drink tea instead of coffee at breakfast.

Eat kippers after noon.

Call your main evening meal "tea" or "supper."

Drink cocoa without remembering to call it "chocolate."

Use your sideboard for keeping odds and ends—letters, bills, buttons.

SPORT? Prefer golf, squash, fives, Rugby (Union) to water-polo, ice-hockey, Rugby (League).

What of the choice between Rugby Union and Soccer? The shape of your football—round or pointed—is a social symbol in itself. Admittedly there are

to be on nodding terms with a horse. To confess "I can't afford to ride nowadays" will give you higher standing than ignoring horses altogether.

Tuning in

ACCENT? This is the most important test of all. It helps the Englishman to grade your family—even if you are sitting next to him on the beach, wearing nothing but bathing costumes. His ears are tuned, with radar precision, to any deviation from the best English.

What accent will he demand? Preferably B.B.C. vowels of course. But, to rank as good class, you may also speak with any accent in the world—Scottish, Canadian, Irish—except for the accent of an English dialect. Lancashire vowels, or the slightest taint of Southern cockney, will ruin your social rating.

What is so good about good English?

You think that it's the traditional educated accent? But Lord Salisbury's ancestors in Queen Elizabeth's court pronounced "players" in cockney fashion as "plura." And Queen Anne's courtiers said "jine" instead of "join."

No curtain

You think that accent is always changed by good breeding?

But France, America, Canada manage to get along without much class grading in speech. And even in England—before the upper classes embraced the public schools—there was no vocal iron curtain. Sir Walter Raleigh, prince of elegance, spoke broad Devonshire till his dying day.

You think that "good" English is nicer, more musical? But why is it more musical to drop the aitch in "honour" and to keep it in "Hurry"?

The professors put the matter bluntly. There is only one definition of the best English, they say. It is the English spoken by the best people.

The neutrals

Yet in this war of accents it is the neutrals who win in the long run. What explains the success of Eamonn Andrews, Barbara Kelly, Ben and Bebo Lyons?

They possess an asset which English entertainers can never obtain. They have classless voices. They can take part in popular, all-class programmes without making Class A wince, without sounding too much like toffs to Class D.

But for the Englishman who wants to succeed, the infallible rule remains. Get a good accent. Pronounce Accent as "Ass't." Compton as "Kumpton," and never sound the "t" in often.

You can eat kippers at mid-night, brand budgetary, use your sideboard as a tool-chest—but if you produce the right syllables, you'll still pass.



"... the importance of accent."

of class do they recommend? Here are some samples.

THE CAR-SEATING TEST. Where do you and your wife sit if you join another couple for a spin in their car? The professors are interested in your answer.

You settle with your wife in the back? Then you have distinctly plebeian habits. Social scores—nil.

You sit in the front, leaving the two women in the back to chat together? Score—middling.

Your wife sits next to your friend, while he drives? Obviously, you grasp the niceties of social behaviour. Top marks for you.

THE TABLE-NAPKIN TEST. Here the professors put four different classes under the lens. At the top we find the class which uses table-napkins, but not napkin-rings. Next comes Class Two, which uses both.

Soccer-playing Old Etonians. Admittedly the Pegasus eleven—gilded aces of amateur Soccer—are all Oxford or Cambridge men. But the rich social colour of Rugby is accurately painted in these comments collected by a professor from his students—

"Rugger appeals to women more than Soccer."

"My C. O. insisted that all his subalterns should play Rugby."

"The girls who are most attractive watch Rugby."

"Only snobs play Rugby."

Embarrassed?

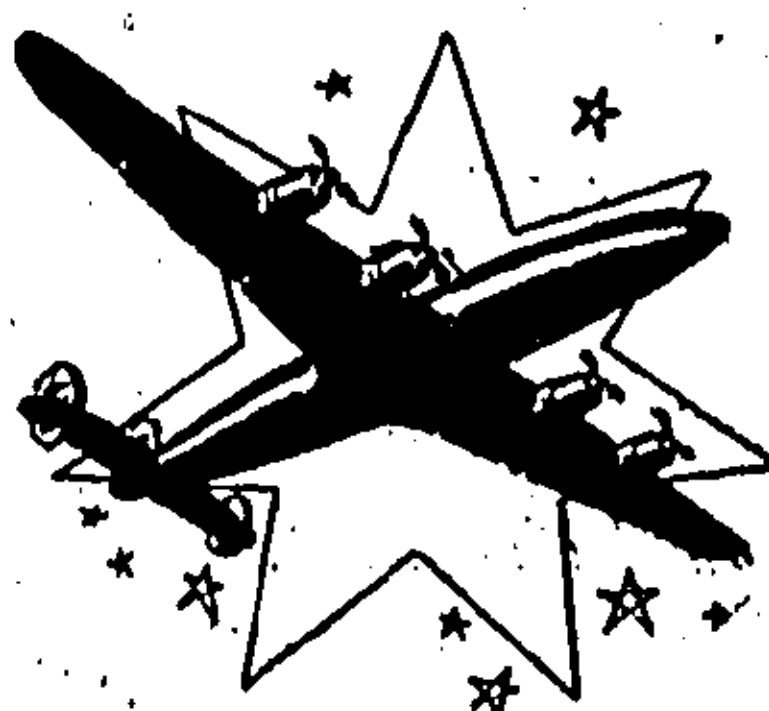
FRUDERY? Are you a prude? Do you prefer to talk about "odour" instead of "smell"? Do you "perspire" when other people "sweat"? Are you embarrassed by conversation which is over-frank about the plain things of life? If so, the professors will tend to rate you with the lower middle-class. Plain speaking, they find, is a mark of the top and bottom shelves in the social cupboard.

ANIMALS? Say the professors: it is better class to breed dogs rather than budgetary or rabbits. And try, at all costs,

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JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Evening dress by Robarka in midnight-blue cello. It has tulle-style top, full skirt, and jewelled bodice.

New Fabrics Launched In London

By Dorothy Barkley

WHAT makes a new material become a success? Is it quality, price, or originality?

Usually it is a mixture of all three. But with our newest, most talked-about synthetic material—tallo—it is something more.

For tallo—in common with its two successors, talloring tallo and cello—handles like silk and washes easily at home. All three are 100 percent rayon.

The "something more" that has made these materials hit the jackpot at home and overseas is the drive of the ebullient, pocket-sized man who has put them on the market. His name is Cyril Lord.

Last week, appropriately wearing a suit of talloring tallo, he launched his two new synthetic fabrics.

Talloring tallo has all the qualities that made tallo a best-seller. It has the same fine slubbing, silk-like sheen, and can be pleated. The difference is that it has more weight and body and therefore can be used for tailored suits and coats. Because of this, it will make a welcome addition to warm-weather wardrobes everywhere.

Last week's show revealed tallo's versatility. Its uses include tailored suits, beachwear, even such accessories as shoes and hats. And, as Cyril Lord himself showed, it will be a popular summer material for men's suits and shirts.

In colour and print range it is equally versatile. It is made in more than thirty contemporary colours and printed with contemporary designs. In colours, you take your pick from peacock to kingfisher, elton to muted grey-blues.

Perhaps its best use is for soft tailoring, such as you see in the suit illustrated here. Michael Sherard has taken cotton yellow tallo and made it into a town suit, with a neat fitting jacket and straight skirt and with a group of pleats at the back. It is trimmed with black velvet collar, cuffs and buttons.

Cello, the second new fabric, is an iridescent, shimmering material with the appearance of silk pout, intended for evening wear. Illustrated here is an evening dress in midnight-blue cello. It has tulle-style top, full skirt, and jewelled bodice.

As if that were not enough, he owns a French-style restaurant in London, an inn near Belfast, and has just bought a castle in County Antrim which he intends to turn into a dollar-earning hotel. He is a 'family man—he has a daughter, and girl and boy twins—and flies home every weekend to Donaghadee, Northern Ireland.

The gadget of the week is designed for all of those who suffer from earing trouble. A sympathetic manufacturer has just brought out tiny foam rubber pads to "take the pinch". They have an adhesive backing which ensures that they stick fast to the clip of the ear-rings and are practically invisible when worn.

Experts Explain

Hollywood make-up experts tell us that the line from the ear to the point of the chin is a trying one for most women. The camera picks it out relentlessly. A high, moulded coiffure makes it worse, but the long, loose, fluffy bob breaks the line. Then, too, the casualness of this type hairdo is easier to keep in condition for photographic purposes. The Italian mode requires frequent trimmings, so does the three-inch cut.



Suit by Michael Sherard in elton talloring tallo. It has a fitting jacket and straight skirt with a group of pleats at the back.

Why film stars keep their long tresses

PERHAPS you are wondering why, with the Ondine hairdo and the collar-length cut still popular, many film stars are still wearing tresses that fall down over their shoulders. There are reasons.

Soft wavy lines about the face and neck are flattering, have a youthful effect on the feminine face. The movie camera flattens the face, instead of sculpturing it. It exaggerates certain angles that are made less noticeable by long hair.

Experts Explain

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Make An Adjustment

Nearly all women should have plenty of hair back of the ears, a spot that is not pretty to look at, appears more attractive when it's covered up.

All of which brings us to the question of how much concession one should make to current beauty whimsies, how much becomingness one should sacrifice to be in style.

There can always be an adjustment between what is flattering and what is smart. We want to look well-turned out, be stamped with the spirited air that comes from keeping in tune with the times. In between extremes there are many pleasant possibilities.

—HELEN FOLLETT

Potato Chips Rated Most Popular Food Among Toddlers

Sydney. THE average four-year-old child has an eye for brightly-coloured foods and attractively arranged dishes, and will eat "practically anything" if not forced, according to a recent kindergarten experiment here.

Mrs Julie Solomon, of Mayfield Free Kindergarten, who conducted the experiment with 53 children claimed that a child instinctively chose a well-balanced diet, although somewhat scrambled and back-to-front.

The children were allowed to select their own lunch every day for a month from a changing array of dishes ranging up to 61 varieties. They were not helped or advised, but were given an "open go" at everything on the table. Notes were kept on what each child also ate at home.

9,292 HELPINGS SERVED

Of the 9,292 helpings served at the kindergarten some toddlers asked for, and got, as many as 18 different dishes at the one sitting. The only restriction was on the side of portions of each dish going to the children.

Meals chosen include such mixtures as potato chips, green jelly, sliced orange, frankfurter sausage, prunes, a biscuit, junket mixed with raw carrot, and a date or two.

Mixtures were sometimes eaten in order, sometimes all lumped together on the one plate.

ALL-IN-ONE FANCIES

Diet authorities are not in full agreement with Mrs Solomon's claim that such meals are "well-balanced," but conceded that they would be generally nourishing, even if they lacked some of the lesser minerals. Said one of the experts: "Twenty years ago we considered all nutritional requirements met if calcium, iron, and phosphorus were there in sufficient quantities. Nowadays there is a lot more to it."

Object of the Mayfield experiment was to find if young children had any natural instinct for balanced eating, and the value of self-introduction to foods which might not have been tried before.

The 61 foods included: fried fish, bacon, liver, corned beef, brains, steaks, mince, frankfurter and mince sausages, and tripe; cheese, rice, eggs—hard-boiled and in egg pie as well as beaten egg-white; various sweets, vegetables, and fruits, both raw and cooked and meat pies.

Potatoes were mashed, baked, chipped, and raw.

All-in-one fancies tried by some children included such combinations as: chocolate ice cream, frankfurter, raw carrot, and prunes; tomato soup with junket and a dash of boiled egg; ice-cream, tomato soup, a lettuce leaf, and baked potato; and green peas in custard.

SPINACH UNPOPULAR

Only one case of mild biliousness came from the 9,292 meals—and that in a boy who over-estimated his appetite for green ice-cream in tomato soup.

Potato chips headed the popularity list of servings with 560—or about one in 16 of the total helpings.

Jelly, with 531 servings, was next in popularity, then came orange (500), frankfurter and ice-cream (both 487), prunes (462), biscuits (424), sandwiches (345), apple (327), and junket (319).

Then followed baked potato, raw tomato, dates, raw carrot, raisins, and tinned fruits.

Swedes, pursnips and tripe finished at the bottom of the list, with only 14 helpings noted for each. Siew was second last and liver third last.

Spinach was unpopular enough to have only 20 helpings chalked against it.

CONCLUSIONS

Mrs Solomon said that the month's eating showed the following conclusions:

The average child, at a very early age, had sufficient initiative to "try out" strange foods.

Most young children, given free choice, would incline towards balanced foods.

To feel "quite free" about food helped a child's appetite. Over-emphasis on its importance only disturbed a child's approach to food.

Conventional order of courses meant nothing to most children and was only likely to confuse.

Scaled down to the family budget, "choose-your-own-food" tactics could help mothers with feeding problems.

Mrs Solomon thought that colour undoubtedly had a lot to do with a child's approach to food, especially where strange dishes were concerned. Brightly-coloured foods caught the eye. Attractively arranged dishes were in quick demand.

Records show that quite a number of children ate at kindergarten some things they refused at home," she said.

My impression is that children will eat practically anything, provided they are not made to. They should not be strictly held to the conventional order of eating things," she added.—China Mail Special.

Controversy Over GADGETS

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

London. "BOTHER," I said, as the lights flickered out in our country cottage. "The Dicksons are at it again. One day that place will go up in a supersonic bang."

For their cottage, half a mile down the road, crisscrossed with every form of gadget known to man, and I attribute every little difficulty in our house to the witchcraft that goes on in theirs.

In the matter of gadgets, I represent the forces of reaction. My idea of a clean house is one where someone has polished every square inch by hand, and my idea of a divine meal is one cooked on a charcoal range in a farmhouse kitchen.

(Anyone who has eaten a meal in New York knows that too much hygiene is the death of flavour.)

I decided to walk down the road and argue the case for and against gadgets with Ellen Dickson, who is editor of a fashion magazine and (in private life) a champion of the modernised home.

She was picking peas. "For the deep freeze," she informed me. "The first crop is at its peak. . . almost a glut."

I lolled against the wire netting. "You look tired," I said sympathetically. "It's too bad having to spend Saturday afternoon packing food parcels."

"I just drop them in cartons and pop them in," she said. "They sell themselves, I suppose?"

"As you know to your advantage, we have fruit and veg. and all the year round. And if there's a glut of anything in the shops I buy some and freeze it, so I can have the thing I want for myself in time."

"Once a month we have a cooking day, and make pies and cakes and freeze them to use when we want them. If I had to give up all our gadgets but one, this is the one I'd keep."

"It would be awkward in a power cut, wouldn't it? I mean, all that freezing food?"

"There's never been a cut that long, by the way, you made."

rather a pig of yourself over those fresh raspberries. I brought out of the freeze at Easter."

"All right," I said hastily. "I'll grant you the deep freeze. ONE UP TO HER."

"NOW could we have a short talk about your washing machine?" I said. "Last time I saw you, your kitchen was flooded with water. I would have offered to help, but I was sure you would have a gadget for sucking it up."

"Oh, we've got the hang of it since then. Now we use it for everything. It's a joy using linen that's been dried in the open air and that hasn't been shredded by the laundry."

"I never want a washing machine," I said. "If I had one, I'd feel I had to use it, and it would be just one more chore to break this camel's back. I like seeing the basket go off to the laundry. I'm glad to get the job done out of the house."

"WE COULDN'T AGREE."

"BIT noisy here today, isn't it?" I said. "That thrumming reminds me of a road drill in Piccadilly. I suppose it's one of your fancy grass cutters performing its not-so-silent service."

"I agree," she said, handsomely. "That some of those garden gadgets make a horrible din. It's one of the things I hate. I suppose it's a matter of fact, the noise of a vacuum cleaner is something that sets me on edge."

"ONE UP TO ME."

"THERE'S a story in the village," she said, "that you were clipping a hedge the other day with your electric clippers when you clipped the flex, in half. She said it was true."

"There's a rumour in the village," she said, "that you're having your water supply cut off and are getting a donkey to draw up water from your well."

"I suppose it's a matter of fact, the noise of a vacuum cleaner is something that sets me on edge."

"WE ARGUED about electric cooking. She likes being able to leave coffee, toast, eggs nearly ready at night and to switch switches, switch off the gas, and so on. I suppose it's a matter of fact, the noise of a vacuum cleaner is something that sets me on edge."

and she admitted the noise in the garden was ear-splitting. "Come and have lunch tomorrow," I ended. "If it turns chilly, we'll have our usual log fire—none of those flickering electric flames."

"No, you come to us," she said. "The strawberries are ripe and I'll be making a strawberry mousse—in the mixer."

It all sounds so sensible. I can't think why I'm anti-gadget. It's emotion, not logic. For I saved more time, I'd be able to do more work. And wouldn't that be lovely?

WE ARGUED about pressure cooking. I said I found it containing having to master two quite different sets of cooking times; and that I thought the margin of error was too fine. Overcook carrots by 25 seconds and you have a reddish mush, and you have a reddish mush.

We agreed in the end that pressure cooking is ideal for dishes that require slow cooking like a casserole of chicken.

WE ARGUED about chafing dishes. Her pot gadget is a new American chafing dish of copper lined with enamel, in which she cooks dishes at the dining table. But I don't like the smell of cooking in the dining room. I like to cook in the kitchen and carry the dishes in.

We failed to agree.

WE DISCUSSED the difficulty of using gadgets. We agreed that to use them with success you have to love them. If you don't treat them with affection, a floor-polisher can run away with you like a car out of control, and a steam-iron can spit water all over your dress.

WE OVERHEARD the the gadgeteers would like to have. I admitted I would like one to set up all the rubbish (they have them in America). She wants a sort of miner's lamp to wear on her forehead for reading in bed without waking her husband.

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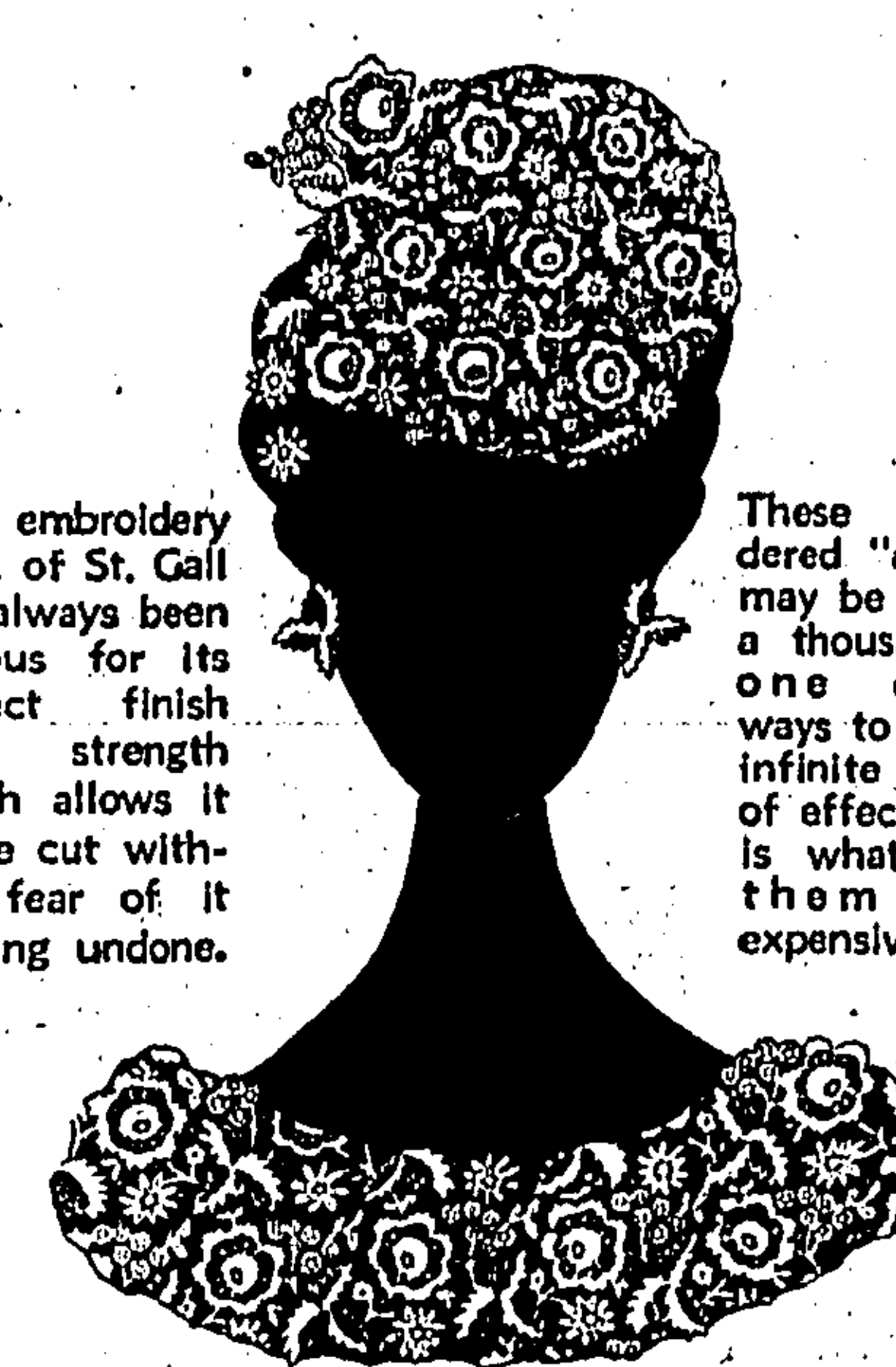
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INCOMING BOAC planes from England at this season carry many schoolchildren coming to spend their summer holidays here with their parents. Above are some early arrivals. Top picture shows Joanna, Brigid and Anthony Flanagan with their parents, Mr and Mrs B. T. Flanagan. Lower picture shows Miss Heather Suckling and her parents, Major and Mrs J. E. W. Suckling. (Staff Photographer)



AND then there are others leaving Hongkong to take up further studies in Britain. Miss Wendy Yeo (second from left), daughter of Dr the Hon. and Mrs K.C. Yeo, left by the Bayernstein on Wednesday to join the Slade School of Art in London. She is travelling with her aunt, Mrs Grace Lo, fourth from right. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Christening of Marjorie Ann, daughter of Mr and Mrs B. H. Billimore, at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW: Mr Daniel N. F. Chen, Chairman of the Hongkong Economic Housing Society, welcoming His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham to the Society's Taikoktsui housing project, known as Lady Grantham Villas, on the occasion of the official opening on Monday (Staff Photographer)



MRS RUTH ROBERTSON (left), whose exhibition of paintings at the Alliance Francaise this week has drawn considerable attention, talking to some ladies who were present at the opening. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham arriving at the Belgian National Day reception given by the Belgian Consul-General, M. Jean van den Bosch. Below right: M. van den Bosch with the Commissioner for India, Mr D. P. Adarkar. (Staff Photographer)



AT the first meeting of the University of Georgia Alumni Association of Hongkong at the Princess Garden on Wednesday. From left: Mr Jimmy Shih, Mrs Chen, Dr J.H. Pott, Mrs M. Soule, Mr B. P. Mays Jr., Mrs E. L. Stallings, Mr L. Dunn (Chairman), Miss Loretta Wau, Mr Tsui Lee, Mrs Pott and Mr Winston Chen. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Rev. H. de Angelis speaking at the annual meeting and dinner of the St Vincent de Paul Society. Others are, from left: the Very Rev. J. Felix Shek, Dr Olinto de Sousa (President-General), the Rt Rev. Bishop A. Paschang and the Very Rev. A. Riganti. (Staff Photographer)



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HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, receiving a programme, from Miss A. Sales at the charity premiere of the film, "Beau Brummel," at the Hoover Theatre. The premiere was sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce to raise funds for its civic projects. With His Excellency is Mr Francis J. Chen, President of the Hongkong Chapter. On left are Lady Grantham and Mr R. H. Lobo. (Staff Photographer)



THE French Consul-General, Vicomte Jacques de Soraac de Buxon, at the Bastille Day buffet dinner held at the Peninsula Hotel. Right: Another scene at the dinner. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David (left), who was guest at dinner of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce on Monday, drinks a toast with Mr Yik Youk-lam. In centre is Mr Hui Pei-kuk, the Chamber's chairman. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Two film stars, Miss Lam Chui and Miss Got Lan, singing a duet at the St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association beach party last Saturday at Stanley. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs E.H. Steele-Baumo, who opened the new medical centre at Victoria Barracks on Monday, looks over the arrangements. With her are Col. M.S.W. Bisdoo, ADMS Land Forces (centre), and Lt-Col J.J. Sullivan. (Staff Photographer)



HAPPY boys at South Bay beach last Saturday. These two pictures show the guests of Junior Chamber of Commerce members having the time of their lives. (Staff Photographer)

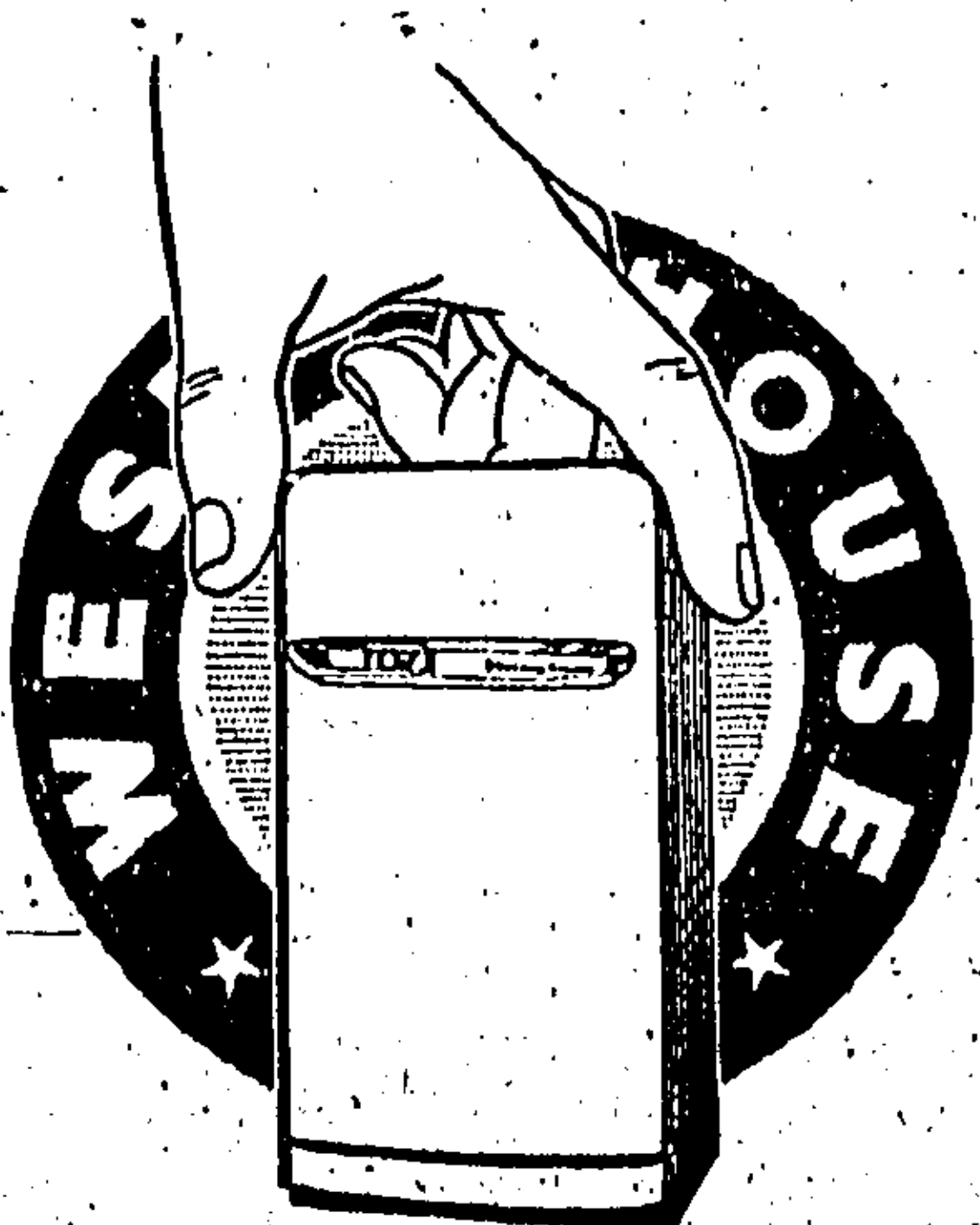


RIGHT: Wedding at the Holy Trinity Church of Lieutenant-Commander Dennis Roe, RN, and Miss Stella Mary Bennett-Powell. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP at the Kowloon Tong Church of the Chinese Christian and Missionary Alliance after the wedding of Mr Wong Yee-man and Miss Lai Yim-ming. (Staff Photographer)

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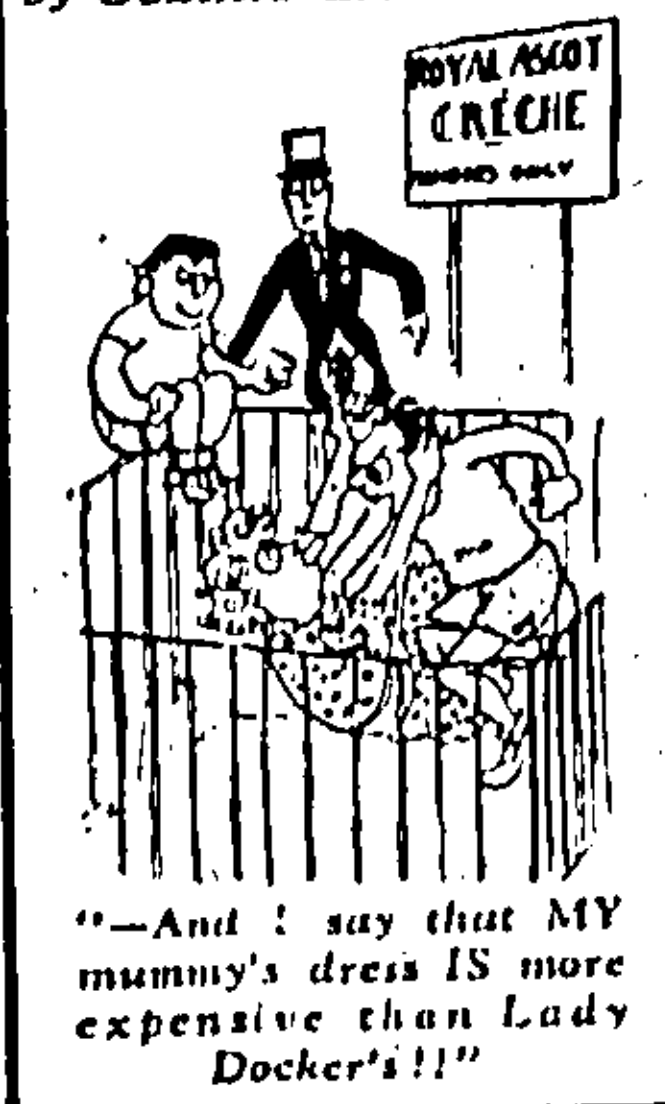
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PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

LOST PRINCE

Among the ghosts and shades lamenting the changing names of London's Prince Albert must be about the unhappiest.

The London Street List, published last week, which lists the changes made in street names since 1929, reveals that the London County Council has dealt harshly with Queen Victoria's Consort.

Among the host of Alberts on the list only Albert Terrace Mews (an unregal title...), Albert Drive, and Albert Gardens remain.

Others have become anything and nearly everything under the sun. One became Alberta. Another went practical and became Kidd. The Duke of Marlborough bugged one. Hosts went to bugged names you have to think hard about like Culpepper, Middleton, Bulmer, Houdly and Bright.

The London County Council, of course, intends no slight. All in the interests of efficiency, they insist.

But try and get Culpepper over to the cabbie after a pub crawl.

THEY LEFT QUICKLY The eight Russian churchmen currently visiting Britain watched the open golf championships at St Andrews, Scotland, and left quickly because they didn't understand the rules of the game.

The churchmen saw crowds swarming to the course. Said one: "Though many of us have absolutely no idea what golf is, our interest was aroused."

"In our country clergymen are not allowed to be present at any sports event, but we decided to take a liberty on this occasion."

Their visit was short-lived, however, because "to our great disappointment we could not understand the rules of the game. Even more, we could not understand the interest which people obviously felt in watching the game."

"That is why we left that beautiful course a few minutes later."

MADE HIM HAIRY Bob Clinie, 61, the man who cuts the hair of 1,000 army men every month, is mad. And he has invited Socialist M.P. Jim Simmonds down to the army camp at Caterick where, he says, "I will cut your hair so well that you won't be able to criticize."

Recently Simmonds went up in the House of Commons waving a picture of a badly-shorn soldier and demanded to know what proficiency army barbers were required to obtain and whether or not soldiers had any choice of style when they had their hair cut.

Says Clinie: "There is nothing wrong with army haircuts today. Any soldier can get any style he wants, so long as it doesn't dangle over his collar."

When he let loose his blast against army barbers in the House, Simmonds said that "many people who practise their arts as hairdressers are more fitted to practise the arts of a carpenter or a metal shearer."

This is what made Bob Clinie mad. He has been cutting hair for 45 years now and his

customers have included Lawrence of Arabia, Field Marshal Montgomery's son, and film and stage stars.

VITAL STATISTICS

For all her slimming pills, diets and exercises, the modern British girl is still not as slim as mother was thirty years ago. She is considerably heavier in the hips, waist and bust, and to top it all off her feet are substantially bigger than her mother's.

And these changes are not the result of any general increase in height, according to the figures obtained from a detailed analysis of 4,500 women carried out by Britain's leading stocking and lingerie manufacturers.

Their figures show that the average woman's "hip spring" the difference between the hip and waist measurements—has increased by at least two inches from 10 and 10 inches to between 10 and 13 inches.

And it's all due to the amount of muscle that pads the feminine hip. Doctors suggest this is due to the increased physical exercise which girls get at school.

Women lead more active lives may also account for the increase in the size of the female foot.

Before the war the most popular size of stocking was 9 to 10. Now it is 9½ to 10, and the demand for the 11 size is steadily increasing.

Between the ages of 20 to 25 the dimensions of the average Miss or Mrs—Britain are: hips, 37½; waist 25; and bust, 35.

cigarettes with the NATO compass design on them and no name. "The Turks send them to me by the thousand," Lord Ismay said. "Specially made to promote the NATO alliance."

Several guests were also wearing NATO ties—dark blue with the compass in silver. And sandwiches were served on NATO plates.

That'll be the day when the chief thing to do will be to flip open one's cigarette case and say "Have an Eton, old man—or perhaps you prefer a Balliol, this side?"

TREASURE HUNTER The Duke of Argyll is a determined man. After spending a fortune trying to raise the 300-year old Spanish galleon in Tebermory Bay, he is going to make the 33rd attempt this summer—and that must be about the record for one treasure hunter.

"I'll never be happy unless I finish this business," says the Duke. "Nobody else can touch the wreck because the rights to the galleon were given to my ancestors by Charles I and are still in force."

So far the Duke's 32 previous efforts have brought him only a few pieces of silver plate and some guns.

In there gold or board? "The galleon may have been the pay ship of the Armada. But the question of gold being on board is unimportant. We don't regard it as a means to riches. It's a personal family problem and we want to get on with it. It has been a ghost too long."

BACKWARD SOLDIERS The British Army is using age-old methods to teach its backward soldiers simple mathematics. The backward squad is lined up and then given such commands as "Minus 'Two', for two paces back, or "Plus Three", and they take three paces forward.

By using other arithmetical movements, officers can make the backward soldier perform simple sums of addition and subtraction.

According to the army the system was first used on children aged five to seven, with good results.

The same experiments applied to soldiers are now proving successful.

Said an education officer: "We find that many of the national servicemen are educationally backward. Illiterate? I don't like that word. I prefer backward."

THE GIN PALACE The "Gin Palace" long ago to the 20-gun battleship Agincourt. Ninety years ago she was a real "liddle" job—which is the Navy's way of saying ship and span.

Made of iron the "Gin Palace" used both steam and sail, according to the weather. After being a flagship she became a boy's training ship and then a coal hulk for tugs and salvage craft at Sheerness, with just a number—CLO 9.

Now she has disappeared from her mooring—but not for long. When they have cleaned off the barnacles at West India Dock and given the old "Gin Palace" a new coat of paint, she will be tidied again and good for another 20 years.

HAVE A NATO "Have a NATO?" At a party at his Paris house the other evening, Lord Ismay offered guests a box of king-size

NEW BOOKS BY GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

The Rake's Artist Paints London's Cruel Age

HOGARTH'S PROGRESS. By Peter Quennell. Collins. 25s. 318 pages.

HOGARTH was a painter of genius with the faults and prejudices of the beef-fed, beer-drinking Protestant Englishman of the most robust tradition. He was rough, eccentric, coarse and truculent—he was also intensely understanding of children, which did not mean that he was sentimental about them; inflamed by cruelty to animals.

Had he been alive today he would have been a subscription-paying member of the RSPCA. In his own day he was the creator of a series of prints denouncing ill-treatment of cats, dogs and horses—"I am more proud of being their author than I should be of having painted Raphael's cartoons."

Cantankerous

He despised all foreigners—French, on his one and only trip abroad—almost the only time he left London—he got as far as Paris. All the way, to the discomfort of his companions, Hogarth's rudeness to the French was blatant.

Everything he saw roused in this cantankerous diminutive (five-foot) citizen of London (born Bartholomew Close, 1697) a frenzy of annoyance.

On the homeward journey he had the imprudence to sketch the ancient gateway of Calais—and was promptly arrested as an English spy.

Hogarth returned to England, and reversed himself with his famous picture of "Calais Gate," a compendium of Gallic gloom and misery.

Hogarth was the characteristic artist of an age of expanding, bustling, by his apprenticeship to the trade (carving and decorations on taverns); set up his sign, a Golden Head; dismissed his own trade card. He disliked most other artists and all con-

noisseurs whom he despised as affected creatures, the dupes of Italian fakers of Old Masters. As far as decency should they have money that belonged to him? Hogarth sold his pictures independently, by auction: a clock was to strike every five minutes and, every time it struck, a picture was to be sold at the price then ruling.

Poor prices

Prices at Hogarth's auctions were not always good. The picture of his famous series "The Harlot's Progress" went for 14 guineas each; "The Rake's Progress" at 22. Horace Walpole watched "a poor old cripple" desperately bidding for the latter series: "I will buy my own series."

Today, the poor old cripple would have to pay £20,000 or more for a first-class Hogarth. In showing the downfall of the rake and the decay of the harlot, Hogarth depicted the follies and vices of his times and criticised them, not from the point of view of an exalted morality, but rather as one who, employed as a sensible London businessman, should—the waste of human lives and effort.

Cruel, rowdy

Putting down on canvas scenes with which he was familiar, Hogarth left an unforgettable record of the London café-society he knew so well. It was an age in which the entertainment industry in all its branches centred on Covent Garden, the lusty, cruel, rowdy age of—

Mother Needham, who was said to pray ardently that she might quickly make a fortune so that she could give up the management of her elegant ravisher, who—in the words of a satirical epitaph—practised every vice except prodigality and hypocrisy: "He was, emptied from the latter by his matchless imprudence," from the former by his "unstable exuberance." When he died in his native Scotland the mob hurried dead dogs into the open grave. His daughter married the Earl of Wemyss

whose son assumed the name of Charteris. John Goulay, Jaquet of Charteris, Elizabeth Adams and scores of other habitués of the taverns of Covent Garden; many of whom appear on Hogarth's canvases.

Flung into politics, Hogarth had the audacity to take the side of the King and the Scottish favourite, Lord Bute, against the ferocious demagogue John Wilkes. Hogarth fought with his brush—Wilkes repaid in prose; his ally, Charles Churchill, in verse; and literary hatchet-men, lent a hand in verse—in the intervals of pursuing his love affairs. Numerous artist enemies of Hogarth's joined willingly in the fight.

Enough

Both parties soon had enough. Wilkes fled to France to escape gaol. Churchill was in danger of being shot by the relatives of a girl he had seduced. Hogarth, aged 60, was in "a general decay."

Fighting with more practised swordsmen, or intently noting the follies of mankind, Hogarth was, through life, the down-to-earth, no-nonsense Englishman whose scorn for aesthetes did not prevent him from being a great artist.

MY SEVERAL WORLDS.
Pearl S. Buck, 21/-, Methuen.

"CURSED as I always am with the necessity to see two sides of a question..." says Pearl Buck of herself: a facility which, far from being a curse, has added to the richness of her life, which she describes in this absorbing autobiography.

Man versus Woman? Left versus Right? Christianity versus Buddhism? West versus East. All these conflicts have woven themselves into the web of her life. China, America, Russia, Japan, India—these are the "several worlds" in which she lives. They are the scene for a moving, fascinating, and often prophetic self-portrait of one of the world's best known modern novelists.

For Pearl Buck not only lived in her worlds, she participated in their every happening, adding to them with a bountiful store of energy, and in exchange, absorbing all that went to make them up, and pouring it out again into her writing, which has produced such works as "The Good Earth," "Dragon Seed," "East Wind," "West Wind" and the lecture which won her the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1938, "The Chinese Novel."

Grow Up in China Pearl Buck was the daughter of an American missionary couple who took her to live in China when she was three months old, just before the turn of the century, and grew up there, and spent a good part of the first 30 years of her life in that country, interspersed with visits to her homeland, America, to Japan, to India, and to Russia.

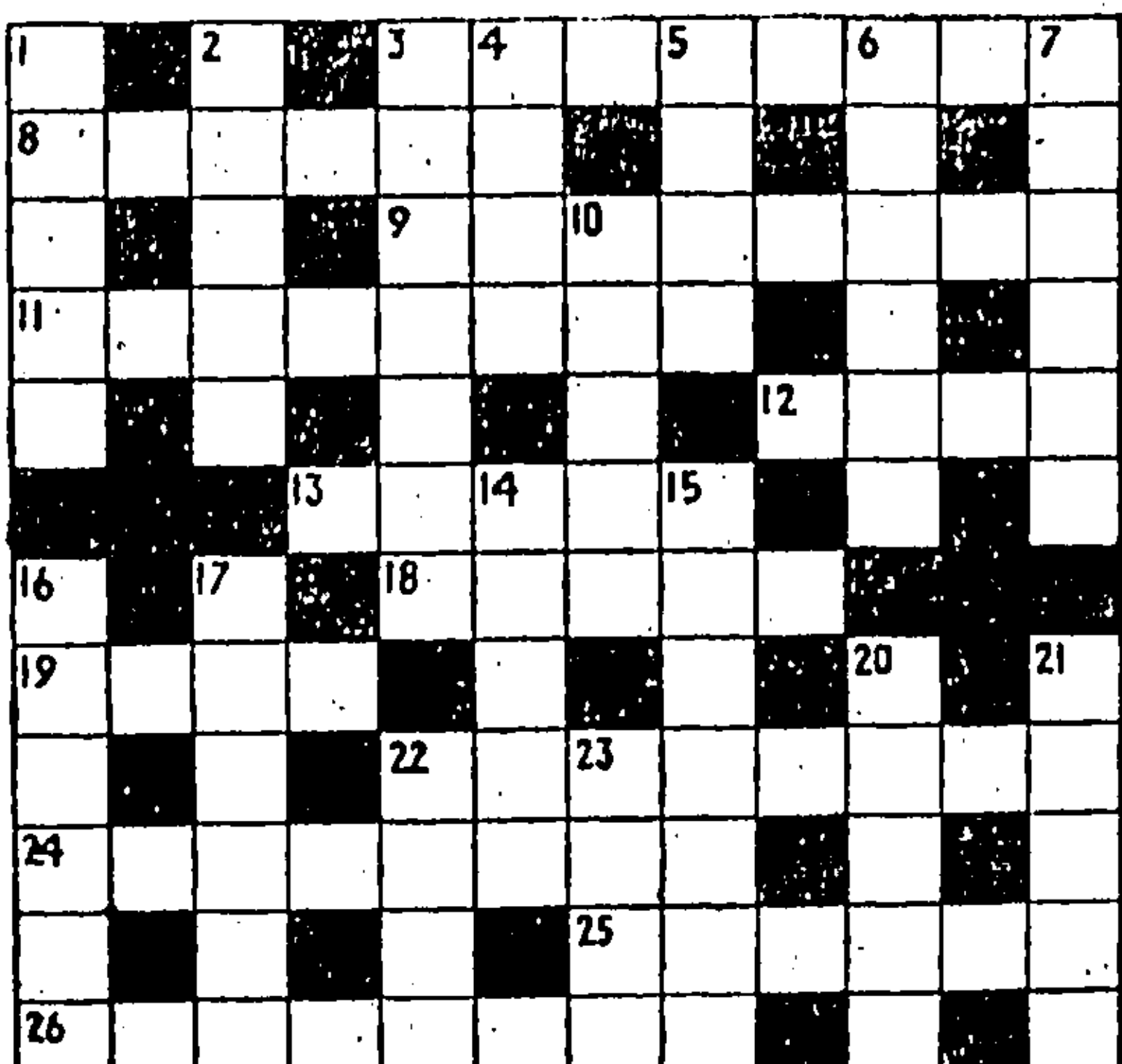
Her Chinese childhood was an idyllic "composure of innocence and an Asian sophistication," and it was during these years that she developed her "curse" of seeing both sides of a question—her worlds began to divide. Though an American in her home, she spoke Chinese, and thought and acted Chinese when with her Chinese playmates.

Her first real introduction into her present world, "home"—America—where she now lives a settled and happy life, was when she was taken there to go to college. With her family, she travelled around, through Russia and Europe to get there, and she has seen the extremes of poverty and luxury in Russia before the revolution, and describes the scenes of that journey with a freshness and vividness of a yesterday's occurrence.

Perplexing Problem In her college life she was faced with the perplexing problem of adapting herself to a way of life she had been brought up to, but had never fully understood: her own country seemed almost foreign. How she adapted herself to it shows the great capacity she had for absorbing all that was around her.

She longed for China, however, and when her mother was dying, she returned and later married an American agriculturalist there, and went to stay in the farming villages of North China, where she lived some of the most human and fascinating episodes of her life. "In the world of the Chinese peasant," Full of human comedy and tragedy, her worlds also held for her harrowing moments of fear and narrow escapes from death in a China torn by revolutions, and filled with miseries and agonies to which she writes: "I have never known a more terrible and agonising time in my life."

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

3. Arbiters (8).
8. Flowering plant (6).
9. Forecasts (8).
11. Comforts (8).
12. Accurate (4).
13. Send (5).
18. Prophecies (5).
19. Decays (4).
22. Kind of biscuit (8).
24. Bangle (8).
25. Trader (6).
26. Praised (8).

DOWN

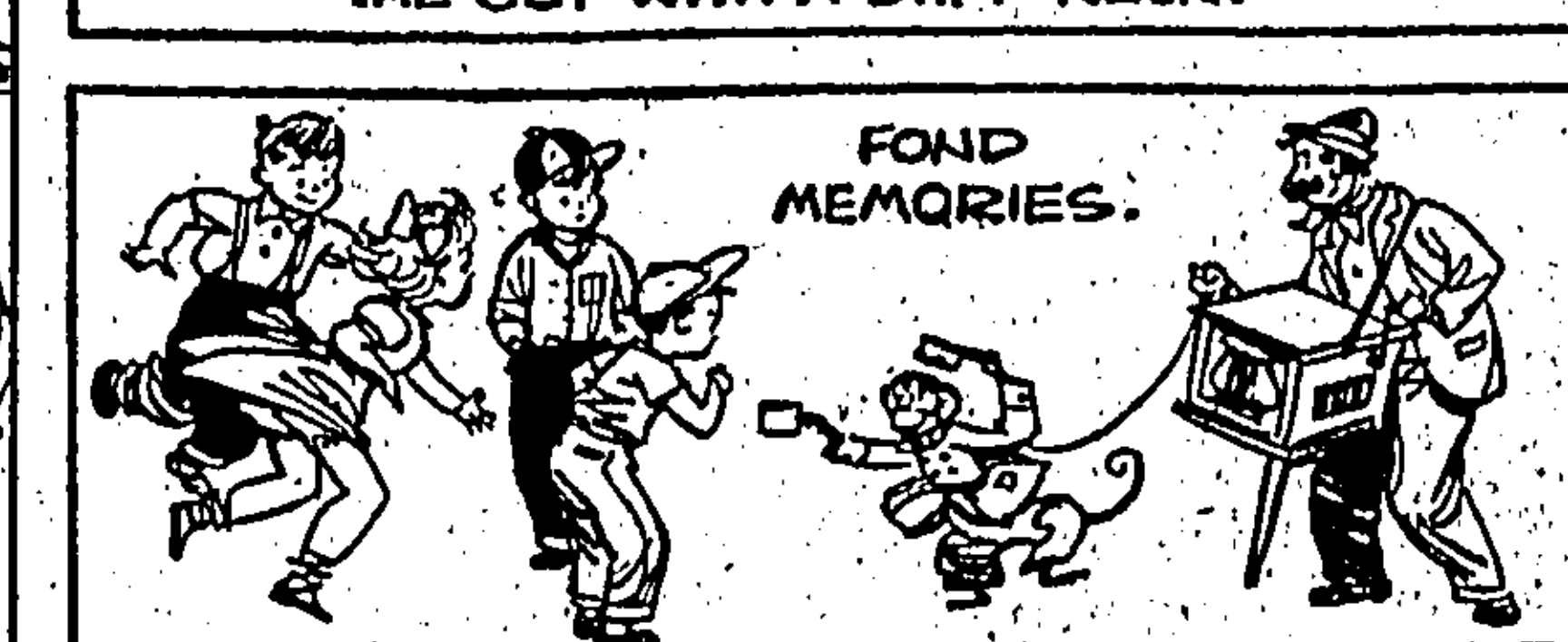
1. Dry up (6).
2. Haggard (5).
3. Hosts (7).
4. Noleman (4).
5. Finishes (4).
6. Request for a repetition of performance (6).
7. Near relative (6).
10. Weird (5).
14. Award (5).
15. Negotiated (7).
16. Threefold (6).
17. Difficulty (6).
20. Foolishness (5).
21. Trap (5).
22. Repeat (4).
23. Yield (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—ACROSS: 1 Incident, 2 Serum, 3 Attempts, 4 Engage, 5 Disturb, 6 Dope, 7 Decline, 8 Trend, 9 Suspense, 10 Cede, 11 Humours, 12 Castle, 13 Recluse, 14 Trend, 15 Suspense, 16 Down: 1 Asked, 2 Drama, 3 Image, 4 Item, 5 Employ, 6 Tossed, 7 Tender, 8 Niece, 9 Atoned, 10 Deduce, 11 Dealer, 12 Pearl, 13 Scarer, 14 Edicts, 15 Mafia, 16 Utter, 17 Seed, 18 Nice.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Drawing A Crowd

BY HARRY WEINERT





By Milk

THE NEW COUNCIL OF THE HKFA HAS SOME PRESSING PROBLEMS ON ITS PLATE

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

In a few days the Hongkong Football Association will hold its Annual General Meeting. The assembly will have before it a healthy and satisfactory financial statement which reflects credit on the working of the Association, but it will also have before it an agenda of far-reaching importance.

Decisions taken at this meeting could have the greatest possible influence on the future of football in Hongkong for there are many who feel a major clash of certain interests cannot be much longer delayed.

Top public attention will no doubt be centred on the election of the Association's Chairman for the next twelve months—not so much because of the importance of the position—but because of the long drawn-out battle of electioneering that has from time to time drifted into the press.

Whatever some folks may think about it, there are still

those level-headed individuals in all parts of our community who do not regard the issue as a tussle between Oriental and Caucasian interests.

They, very rightly, contend that all that matters is the fixed principle that whatever is done, whoever is elected, and whatever decisions are made, they should be in the best long-term interest of Hongkong football.

I know only too well that there are those who make no secret of their belief that other principles motivate the actions of many who are engaged in the football sphere—the assertion may have substance—and we can only hope that such individuals will be in the minority when the big decisions have to be made.

Some months ago I gave as my opinion that Mr. C. S. Wang would be returned to the Chair and I believe that such an election would have suited most sections of the football community, but he has, of course, since indicated that he will not seek re-election.

His announcement set speculations going again and I have heard several names mentioned as his possible successor. I have heard too of the intense campaigning that has taken place... but I also know that some of the most desirable individuals have stated in no uncertain fashion that they are not even remotely interested in nomination to the chairmanship.

One of the gentlemen whose name has been mentioned frequently told me the other day that not only would he shun the job as a voluntary "sacrifice", but he would not touch it as a paid servant for over a thousand dollars a month.

WEALTH OF WISDOM
There is a wealth of wisdom in the frequent pronouncements of those people who declare that there should be some greater continuity in the management of the Association than is provided by the present year to year election.

The regular hiatus that is inevitable from uncertainty is not in the best interest of Colony football. Rules and minutes are easily forgotten and the excellent suggestions and innovations of one year are quickly forgotten too during the period of annual indoctrination of new legislators.

I appreciate that some members are re-elected to office... but it is surely obvious that they will not resurrect some particular point unless it happens to be in their own interest.

Continuity is a vital factor in any concern and those who are elected to the new committees should give serious consideration to ways and means of providing it in the future.

Probably the biggest immediate problem facing the incoming Council is the burning and vexing question of the new Government Stadium.

It is difficult to imagine the Association doing anything that will injure the South China and Hongkong Football Clubs who have spent so much private money in building excellent stadia.

Any other attitude would be little short of a vicious betrayal by the Association of its own members, and however magnificent the new stadium may be—and magnificent it is the only word that can be used for it—I cannot believe that there is any chance of such a thing happening.

I have said before and I repeat now that it is the considered opinion of many that the charges for the two club grounds are too high... far too high.

UNREALISTIC
In some ways the charges are unrealistic and it could be

in the best interests of the two clubs themselves if they gave immediate and urgent thought to a more equitable distribution of gate receipts.

Under such an adjustment it might take them a bit longer to recoup their capital outlay, but it would also remove the one significant influence that might tempt rivals to vote in favour of the new Hongkong Stadium, for which a place must be found eventually.

The other pressing point that must be discussed is the whole question of coaching, and in particular the position of Mr. Tom Sneddon.

The situation is surely unique. Here is the Association with a permanently employed coach who by any international standards is a first class man at his job.

His work in other parts of the world has won the highest praise; in Hongkong he has demonstrated his fine ability, his progressive methods, and his acceptable and sensible approach to the job in hand whatever the status or nationality of the players who have been placed in his charge... yet, and let us make no bones about it, he is virtually unemployed!

Such a situation, whatever the predisposing reason, is little short of soccer sacrilege. Here is a man with the will to help players; the insight of long experience to temper his natural enthusiasm for the game; and perhaps lacking only the fickle bi-facial fanfare of many less able men.

Tom Sneddon lives for football and by football. It is his profession and he has spared no stone to make himself proficient in his work. It seems to me—and to many others—that one of the first tasks of the new Council should be to investigate his whole position and decide how best it can be turned to the advantage of the Colony's football.

There is no doubt that there is much work to be done by those who find themselves on the various committees for the incoming season.

Many places will pretty certainly be filled by old and trusted servants of the Association who can be relied upon to do a good job of work and to spare no effort to further the game of football in Hongkong.

Their biggest service will be to undertake the new members and guide them in the solution of the pressing issues which confront the Association.

SPORTS QUIZ

- Nationalities please of the following sportsmen: Azam Khan; Jaroslav Drobný; Jean Desforges; Emil Zatopek.
- What is a shell—in the sporting sense?
- Who is known as (a) the Brown Bomber (b) the Daring Kaye of Wimbledon?
- Who is the British Open Golf Champion?
- Who is the President of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club?
- Angrams. Sort out these famous sporting personalities: GYFORD VSNAB; YBEEELAV ZFEITL; HUNO ALYDIN.
- What event did Brakes recently enter for the first time?
- Who is the World's Motor Cycle Champion?
- Wally Bud Smith and Tony Trabert. What have these two in common?
- What does the R and A mean to golfers? (Answers see Page 17)

"HORIZONTAL" BICYCLE



Enzo Sacchi, former World Cycle Champion, is pictured trying out a new style of cycle on the Florence, Italy, cycle track. Designed by a technician of the Galilei Works it has a springy leather 'seat' on which the cyclist lays, the pedals are at the rear, the idea being that the rider can develop the full pressure on them. After several runs Sacchi is said to have attained a maximum speed of sixty kilometres per hour.—London Express Photo.

LEAGUE BOWLS.

Match Between The Dock Teams Today May Decide Second Division Title

By "TOUCHER"

Weather permitting, the two Second Division Dock teams from Kowloon and Taikeo take the spotlight in this afternoon's League games in what will probably be the deciding match of the Division.

Although the Taikeo bowlers are in second position now, they are well within striking distance, being only 2½ points behind their League-leading Kowloon rivals.

A 5-0 win for Kowloon Dock will make them almost virtual Champions. A 5-0 or 4-1 victory for the island dockmen, on the other hand, will leave the race open for both the dock teams.

A 3-2 decision either way will, however, be a more satisfactory result from the point of maintenance of interest in the competition. This will bring third-placed Craigengower into the reckoning.

Both teams were recent members of the First Division League and bowls of a high order should be seen in this battle of the Docks.

Green advantage is almost negligible for the home Kowloon team as both the Taikeo and Kowloon Dock greens are almost identical.

The main handicap that the Taikeo bowlers will have to overcome is the possibility that they may not be able to muster their full team for this away match.

In the other Second Division games, third-placed Craigengower will be afforded an excellent opportunity of closing the gap between them and the two dock teams with a possible 5-0 win over USRC.

FIRST DIVISION

The First Division games this afternoon, though slightly relegated into the background, are not without significance.

Top highlight will be furnished by the return encounter between Champion Reccelo "Blues" and Kowloon Bowling Green Club at the Reccelo green.

In their first meeting, the Bowling Club scored a resounding 4-1 triumph over the champions. They have, however, since then been showing only scratchy form and in spite of their reputation of being one of the most unpredictable teams in the League, I doubt if they can repeat their earlier feat this afternoon against a Reccelo team that has improved tremendously both in form and in line-up. In fact, I think they will be lucky to get away with a 4-1 score against them.

The two other leading contenders, Craigengower and Kowloon Cricket Club, will have a comparatively easier time, but both teams cannot afford to relax at any time in their games against Filipino Club and Polio Recreation Club.

The remaining First Division match between Reccelo "Whites" will be fought out with the Democlean sword of relegation hanging over them.

Whatever the score may be, the two teams can, I think, only improve their performances by their fears of being relegated into the Second Division.

Both will probably end slightly ahead of the Filipino Club, unless the latter show more improvement in their remaining games.

TALKING POINT

The subject of relegation and promotion provides an interesting topic of discussion this week. On many occasions doubts have been expressed by bowlers whether this system works out in the best interest of the League.

As an example, it can be put up that Police Recreation Club are extremely likely to be relegated from the Second Division at the end of this season. They have already one team in the Third Division.

They will certainly not field two teams in the Third Division next season, which will mean that the League will lose 12 participating bowlers next season.

Cannot the rule be revised so that the system of relegation and promotion does not apply to clubs which can field one team in each of the three divisions? There will then probably be much less of the disparity in standard among teams in one division.

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION

In addition to the League matches this afternoon, there will also be an additional lawn bowls attraction tomorrow when all the 16 second round games of the Colony Open Rinks Championship are scheduled to be played off.

Best game of the afternoon should be provided by the clash at Taikeo between the IRC rink of J. Hoosen, A. K. Minu, I. Ali, and A. M. Omar and the KCC four of D. B. Sequeira, W. Claffrey, T. E. Baker and W. Hong Sling.

As a skip, Omar has already to his credit one 37-9 win over Hong Sling when they met in a First Division League match.

Both skips had different front men then. Given good green conditions, a good match may be expected, with the KCC four enjoying a slight superiority.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

Reccelo "Blues" v. KBGC

FC v. KCC

IRC "Gold" v. Reccelo "Whites"

CCC v. PRC

IRC "Bye" (Bye)

Second Division

KCC v. FC

USRC v. CCC

KDC v. TC

PRC v. HKCC

HKFC (Bye)

Third Division

FC v. KDC

KBGC v. USRC

POC v. HKFC

PRC v. HKERC

KCC (Bye)

SHIP'S TABLES

First Division

H. F. Luz (Reccelo) 9 7 1 1 7½

J. B. (KBGC) 9 7 1 1 7½

J. B. v. Kibbier (Reccelo) 9 7 1 1 7½

B. W. (KBGC) 9 7 1 1 7½

(CCC) 9 8 1 2 6½

A. E. Coates (IRC) 9 8 1 2 6½

B. Bickford (HKFC) 8 8 1 2 5½

C. E. Passos (Reccelo) 8 8 1 2 5½

T. E. Baker (KCC) 8 8 1 2 5½

A. Harvey (KBGC) 8 8 1 2 5½

B. Bickford (KBGC) 8 8 1 2 5½

W. Hong Sling (KCC) 8 8 1 2 5½

D. Phillips (KCC) 8 8 1 2 5½

V. A. Lopez (Reccelo) 8 8 1 2 5½

A. J. L. Seem (IRC) 8 8 1 2 5½

H. B. Dewar (PRC) 8 8 1 2 5½

Second Division

R. Gourlay (KDC) 10 8 1 1 9

E. Greenwood (KBGC) 10 7 1 1 7½

J. B. (KBGC) 10 7 1 1 7½

W. B. Baxter (FC) 10 7 1 1 7½

J. B. (KBGC) 10 8 1 1 8½

W. M. McCall (KCC) 10 8 1 1 8½

A. E. Elliott (KCC) 10 8 1 1 8½

B. Bickford (KBGC) 10 8 1 1 8½

R. Bickford (KBGC) 10 8 1 1 8½

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THEY'RE OFF TO IRON OUT THE ALPS!

By GEORGE WHITING

Daisy Bell may have looked sweet on that bicycle, but she could never have foreseen the money there was going to be in this pedal-and-push business.

Forty million Frenchmen got on to it first, as will be seen when a goodly proportion of that fair country goes stark raving mad for a month.

Still, we are catching up. For the first time in history, a team of 10 British cyclists are taking part in the annual Tour de France—2,720 miles of road murder with a pay-off of £20,000 for the winner, plus prerequisites to the lush tune of another £20,000 or so.

To call it the greatest cycling event in the world is a gross understatement. It is a star-spangled upheaval of nations on wheels, a cash-ridden caravan that screams its way clockwise round France in 22 stages from Le Havre to Paris in 24 days.

KISS THE GROUND

From now until July 30, 120 riders from France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Australia, Spain, Holland and elsewhere will cross lumps and bumps over hill and dale, up and down mountains, and in and out of 23 major cities.

At the end of each frantic stage, M. le Maire will declare a Bank Holiday—or else. Bustling will stop, wars will cease to matter, grown men will fight to touch the more-than-mortal flesh of the riders, and mademoiselles will kiss the ground whereon the wheels of their idols have ridden. And no kidding.

TEMPERS RISE

A French newspaper runs the race, and finds it worth while to spend £120,000 on it, including an annual race-slut wage-bill of £20,000.

Towns pay bucketfuls of francs for the privilege of entertaining the competitors, the Government gets a cut, gamblers get overtime, and big business tags along behind shouting its wares from the most fantastic collection of publicity wagons you ever saw.

If you can imagine Jack Solomons buying up the Lord Mayor's Show and hustling it from Land's End to John o' Groats at 30-40 mph, with attendant brass bands, that would be a peaceful kind of comparison. Tempers rise. Bouquets are thrown—and so are bricks.

IMPROVING

So far, British cyclists have not been considered durable enough for the kind of competition that can put a Tour winner on velvet for the rest of his life in the manner of Italy's Fausto Coppi, Switzerland's Hugo Koblet, and France's Louis Bobet.

WEEK-END BASEBALL

The USS Foss baseballers will be given another opportunity of displaying their prowess when they meet the Overseas Reds today at 4.30 p.m. at King's Park.

Last week, the sailors edged out the Overseas Blues 5-4 in a thriller. In the other game, the formidable Giants play the Overseas Blues tomorrow, commencing at 10.30 a.m.

It is understood that the USS Foss will be at full strength. After their narrow 5-4 win over the Overseas Blues, they have been looking forward to meeting the stronger Overseas Reds today.

A Navy victory will principally depend on the pitching performance of moundsman Hart. It will be remembered that his last week-end, although he was hit seven times, he did much damage by fanning 12 Overseas batters.

The sailors are good batters, as was amply demonstrated against the Overseas Blues when they dominated the slug-ging department. In addition to their strong batting, they are quite sound at fielding.

The Overseas Reds, the stronger of the two Overseas teams, were so outclassed by the Giants last week losing 9-1, that unless they show a much improved display today against the Navy, they are not expected to win this game. A defeat today will virtually push them out of the pennant race.

A factor which contributed to the Overseas Reds' defeat was their very poor fielding. Time and again, they were seen to falter in the vital stages of the game. If they hope to beat the USS Foss today, they will have to tighten up their fielding against a skilled batting team.

Glance at the Overseas Reds' 1955 Summer Baseball Record, and you will find that they are a very poor team, making only one win out of 10 games.

It is strange how the pattern of English test bowlers repeats itself. Statham is the star of the side, yet it was Freddie Trueman who it was predicted would do great things. Just as when Bill Voisey was named as the leading bowler in the 1955-56 season, making 100 runs in 10 matches.

But it seems we are improving. Last February, a Midlands bicycle firm installed a bunch of Britons in a villa in the South of France, paid them wages, and told them to train till their muscles burned on the mountains of Grenoble.

As a result, our line-up at Le Havre includes Willesden's Ken Mitchell, Romford's Dave Bedwell, Tadworth's Bernard Pusey, Cambridge's Fred Krebs, Glasgow's Ian Steel, Ennawth's Tony Hoar, Manchester's Bevis Wood, Huddersfield's Brian Robinson, and Birmingham's Bob Maitland and Stan Jones.

They and their 30 bicycles, 30 jerseys, 100 pairs of tanks, 30 spurs, wheels, 250 pairs of ankle-socks, and other odd items up to £200 per man, begin today to iron out the Alps and push aside the Pyrenees.

Officially, our riders are no-hopers. But, if one of them should lead the way into Paris on July 30, Sir Winston Churchill can step down immediately as the Continent's idea of Englishman No. 1.

(—London Express Service)

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

George Tribe

By ARCHIE QUICK

George Tribe was born in Melbourne 35 years ago, but his forebears were of Sussex stock and one of his grandfathers was born in Vauxhall, London, hard by Kennington Oval.

Tribe has played for Australia in three Test Matches, was a first-class cricketer as professional to the Lancashire clubs, Milnrow and Rawtenstall, and now he is settled with Northamptonshire as an all-rounder who is regularly looked upon to get-his 1,000 runs and 100 wickets every season.

But he has a greater claim to fame than that. He is the man who discovered England's first bowler, Brian Statham. Young Brian was in National Service when his sports NCO wrote to the MCC asking if there was a vacancy on the Lord's staff for a promising youngster.

The MCC suggested Statham should write to the Lancashire club but matters were allowed to slide until the day we find our young hero out of uniform and playing for Stockport in the central Lancashire League. Not with outstanding success either.

SUCCESS STORY

Stockport played Rawtenstall one day, and immediately the wily Tribe saw the possibilities of the young bowler opposed to him. He informed the Lancashire club, coach Harry Makepeace had a look-see and in no time Brian was on the Old Trafford books.

It has been one long success story since then, although he entered first class cricket without any real coaching and is indeed, the completely natural cricketer. He is filling out in stature, and will be even a better bowler for that.

Within two weeks of reporting in at Old Trafford he was in the County eleven. That was in 1950, and during the following winter he was flown to Australia with colleague Roy Tattersall to reinforce the injured-stricken MCC team led by F. R. Brown.

He did not play against Australia, but appeared against New Zealand. Then he had a triumphant tour of the West Indies, followed by his crowning successes in Australia last winter and against the South Africans this summer.

It is estimated in his seven weeks for 38 runs in the course of a three-and-a-half-quarter hours non-stop bowling in the Lord's Test. And for the price and display of stamina he sustained a pulled stomach muscle.

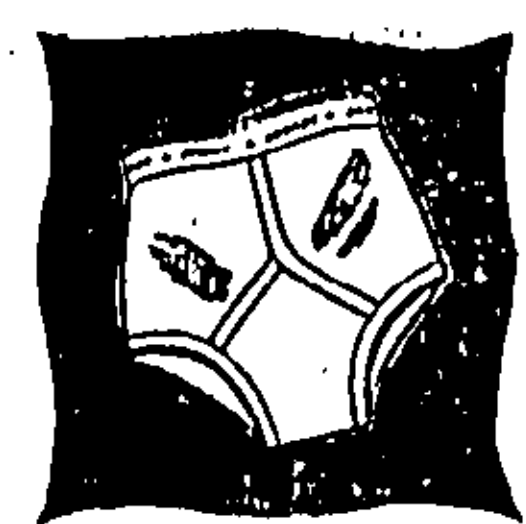
It is strange how the pattern of English test bowlers repeats itself. Statham is the star of the side, yet it was Freddie Trueman who it was predicted would do great things. Just as when Bill Voisey was named as the leading bowler in the 1955-56 season, making 100 runs in 10 matches.

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it's peanuts

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ENGLAND'S TERRIBLE CATCHING AT OLD TRAFFORD IS STILL THE TALK OF THE COUNTRY

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

England's terrible catching in the exciting Old Trafford Test is still the talk of the cricket pavilions of the country. Time after time I am asked the sixty-four dollar question—how can this dropped catches epidemic be cured?

Frankly I don't think it can. This kind of thing just hits teams—even Test teams—in cycles. Last winter England threw the Brisbane Test away by dropping as many as 14 holdable catches. The critics howled the team's better fingers, but couldn't give reasons for it. The lads who are normally accepted as good catchers were putting them down—just as they did at Old Trafford this time.

After all there aren't many better fielders in the country than Tom Graveney and at Manchester, from all accounts, he held a couple of "blunders." Yet Tom also managed to miss two or three relatively easy ones as well. And in Australia last year the same England team that dropped everything at Brisbane held everything in sight for the rest of the Test series. The same sort of thing could very well happen this summer.

This illogical process in catching can be seen in every team. The South Africans dropped about as many as England at Manchester. And I have seen Australians behave in the same way—though I still feel that the general standard of fielding in Australia is considerably higher than here in England.

AUSTRALIAN METHOD

What appalls me, though, in English cricket is the complete indifference with which so many teams regard this vital department of the game. In County cricket, I suppose it's understandable. Six days a week of the game is a tough grind which, eventually, wears out the enthusiasm as well as the feet. Runs and wickets are the main coinage and in the field, it seems, you just go your best.

In Australia the approach is very different. In the first place every boy knows from his earliest school games that he will never make any team of importance unless he can field well. No matter how well he bats or bowls he must be able to field.

That is accepted. And every boy tries to maintain Australian fielding traditions of swift movement, keen catching, and strong throwing.

It is helped, of course, by Australia's weather. The heat out there keeps muscles soft and free and you don't get so besweated and frozen as you do so often over here, where I have frequently heard players advised not to take any chances of pulling a muscle by stretching too far. Well, you can't field brilliantly with the brakes on.

I would say that if the selectors want to improve England's fielding the only really practical way is to get the team nucleus together for the season, persuade their Counties to play them only in enough matches to keep them in, in practice, and organise an intensive team programme of fielding, catching and exercises designed to develop greater speed and faster reaction.

But I'm afraid that won't happen here. For the Counties pay their stars and natural talents to appear as guest attractions in every possible match. That perhaps is why England's fielding generally will never really outshine Australia's. This over-dose of cricket, month after month, is also the basic reason why so many of England's new fast bowlers are suffering from stress and strain right now.

Take Tyson and Statham, for instance. They managed to keep fit in Australia because they were used sparingly between

Tests. They rested a lot, trained sensibly, and were kept in peak condition for the important occasions. Back here at home neither can hope for that sort of treatment.

I am pretty sure Brian Statham missed this last Test match because he risked his strainedummy muscles. He did that partly to help his County and partly in loyalty to his team mate, Geoff Edrich, whose benefit match it was. Quite certainly the fact that his muscles "went" again cost Brian £75 in a Test fee and England, possibly, the Test.

TRY BRAND NEW OPENER

England's opening batting problem is the other hot topic of the week. Everybody feels that Don Kenyon will not get another chance. Willie Watson, the Yorkshire left-hander, who is so much in form, is considered the most likely man to get the job. But if this situation existed in Australia, we wouldn't work in this way. We would pick a youngster and hope to "make" him.

After all England have been shilly-shallying about this opener problem ever since Cyril Washbrook dropped out. From time to time the whole of the recognised batting strength has been tried and rejected for the position. The Australian method would be to cut loose and try to buy some youngster into the job.

I felt that Peter Richardson, the Worcestershire left-hander, would have had the job by this time. But I gather the Services have not been inclined to allow him regular playing time and he hasn't found his normal form.

Next in line among the younger ones may well be Arthur Milton, the Gloucestershire opener. He wouldn't be a bad pick. He has had a lot of cricket now, he opens regularly, is bang in form, and is a fast moving fielder with a safe pair of hands. The old brigade have been tried and found wanting. Why not give a chance to a younger lad?

As for bowling, if Bob Appleyard is not fit to come back, it would not be surprising if the selectors played on the "horses for courses" principle and put in Johnny Wardle as well as Tony Lock at Leeds. Brian Statham, of course, is bound to return if his muscle trouble is mended.

That will mean Alec Bedser going out again. I must say that I have rarely known such widespread regret that the Big Man of Surrey did not have a good match at Manchester. It does seem, doesn't it, that Champions rarely "come back" and do well?

COACHING HINT

Too many bowlers think that all they have to do is to bowl. But the job doesn't finish there. After delivering the ball the bowler automatically becomes a fielder who must get back behind those wickets for a possible return and run out. A fast bowler with a long follow-through can't always do this but even he should always be ready to "back-up" for any throw-in.

SPORTING SAM By Reg. Wootton



Sir Gordon Richards And His 'Breakdown'—The Facts...

By CLIVE GRAHAM

For the past 25 years the best-known figure on the racecourse has been that bandy-legged, tousle-haired jockey with the big brown eyes and the broad, disarming grin—"Good old Gordon," as he came to be known by the crowd.

Glowing with health and good humour, affable, amiable, modest about his own achievements, generous towards those of other men: he never seemed to vary from one day to the next.

In his autobiography published today Gordon Richards reveals the difficulties he experienced, not only in becoming, but in being, a national sporting idol. The strain at times was unbearable, he says. On occasion, his rigid self-control would come near to breaking-point. There were times when he could not bear the gestures with which Fred Darling would emphasise his talk. "I had to run away or I would have shouted at him."

HIS HERO

He hero-worshipped Fred Darling, whom he describes as "the most ruthless of trainers... and the greatest."

Tom Rector, the man whose play on the billiards tables contrasted so diametrically with his betting luck on the Turf, was a close friend. Gordon began to notice—and be exasperated by—Tom's habit of twiddling his thumbs whenever the old chap sat down to relax. The sight of people reading newspapers, the noise of someone eating, the sound of waves breaking on the shore: all these could provoke him into a tantrum of nervous ill-humour, which he sought desperately to conceal.

He was more than once on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and so depressed in July of 1950—when he had his worst attack—that he cancelled his riding engagements and went home to bed, convinced that the future held nothing.

Margery, his wife, put out the tactful story that he was suffering from sun-stroke. At the end of the month, against his wishes, he was persuaded to start racing again. He had 11 winners in four days at the important Goodwood meeting, and realised then that his "illness" was mostly a self-delusion.

These nervous strains were the penalty for Gordon's success-rape. "The will to win, and concentration on the job, at all times."

CAJOLERY

A jockey's year is hard-packed into nine months. From Monday to Saturday, the top riders follow a dawn-to-dusk routine: morning exercise gallops, travel to the race-meeting, ride the races, then home or move to some place convenient for the next day's schedule.

Sunday has to be spent with in handy reach of the telephone. Plans for the coming week have to be made or re-checked.

Gordon Richards, with his maxims always in mind and exceeding the normal demands of duty, in collaboration with a small staff, he ticked off his choices 1, 2, 3 for every race in every

meeting where he would be riding, a week ahead.

By persuasion, cajolery, and hard-headed common sense, he won many of his races over the telephone. In this way: "If he was retained for a '3' horse, say, he would cast doubts as to the possibility of winning, advise running elsewhere and then ascertain whether connections of '1' or '2' would require his services."

He could ring the changes too. When engaged for a "1" horse, he might say to the "2" owner: "I'm pretty sure that I'll beat you. Why not keep your horse to such-and-such a meeting—and I will be able to ride him for you?"

These legitimate ruses of gamesmanship were all part of Gordon's essential armament.

It made life harder, more nerve-racking, without doubt. The winning of races, and he won 4,870 out of 21,834, including 14 classics—was, however, his long-lasting passion.

'GOOD DAY'

It was for his services to racing and not his jockeyship that he was knighted by the Queen in 1953. He relates that the first words addressed to him by the Queen after the accolade were: "I see you had a good day yesterday." (He had ridden three winners.)

The most surprising omission from his book is the £ sign. I could not find a single cypher of this type in all the 256-page story about the greatest and most highly-paid English jockey of all time.

This Record Attempt Business Has Got A Bit Out Of Hand

Says JACK CRUMP

"These record-breaking attempts have got to stop," says Jack Crump, secretary of the British Amateur Athletic Board. He made this comment after his intervention had regulated the conditions of the race at Croydon, when Gordon Pirie tried to beat the world's record for 2,000 Metres.

"I do not mean that we have the power to stop it," he added on reflection, "but we must see what steps we can take."

"We can say to people on committees, many of whom are the promoters of meetings, that we do not think these organised record attempts are in the best interest of the sport."

He reminded me that there are races which make times unacceptable for record purposes when there is deliberate pace-making—and in the Croydon "race" this was blatant.

Half-miler Derek Clark, who must be credited with a wonderful effort in the way he organised the meeting, ran off the track after setting a very fast pace for most of two laps.

Then Eric Shirley, sleep-chase expert, took up the running to keep the pace hot, and finally Brian Jackson, the insurance clerk from Ilford, burst into the lead to beat Pirie to the mile, only to pull up so

suddenly that Pirie ran into him.

'ALL GUILTY'

A big crowd was not exactly disappointed, even though the record was not broken, but this is not the real sport. It detracted from the value of the rest of the programme.

"We have all been a little gully," admits Crump. "We have done our best to popularise the sport but the record-attempt business has got a bit out of hand. It could ruin athletics."

Geoffrey Elliott, former Pole Vault Champion, was pleased with the way his damaged ankle stood up to the first test since it was chipped. He won the RAF title with 12ft. 6in. "I am much happier and more confident," he said.

Then he reflected, "I suppose I shall have to be satisfied with second place in the A.A.A. Championships," adding in his usual jocular, but critical, way: "Do you know any other country where they let foreigners get away with their national titles?"

Frankly I do not and it is, perhaps, doubtful whether Elliott can expect to hit his best at this time to beat the Norwegian, Hermund Hogheim, who has jumped 13ft. 6in. —(London Express Service)

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Pakistan, Egypt, Britain, Czechoslovakia.
2. A rowing boat.
3. Joe Louis, Freddie Huber.
4. Peter Thomson.
5. The Duchess of Kent.
6. Godfrey Evans, Beverley Fleet, John Lacey.
7. Cycling, the tour of France.
8. Geoff Duke.
9. Both are World Champions and both come from Cincinnati. Wally "Bud" Smith is the new-world Lightweight Boxing Champion and Truett is the Wimbledon Men's Singles Champion.
10. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, home of the British Open golf Championships.

£30,000 Graver Goes Back—For £10,000

By PAT REEKIE

There is, to a good business man, an awful difference between a buying price and the price at which you are willing to sell. By these standards Lincoln City must be the world's most business-like Soccer club. Six months ago they sold their centre forward, Andy Graver, to Leicester City for £30,000. Then they bought him back—and the price, I am informed, was £10,000.

Negotiations had been going on for some months since Graver was relegated from Leicester's first team.

They were finalised over the telephone from Torquay, where Bill Anderson, the Lincoln manager, is staying. "We have been trying to get Graver back for some time," Mr Anderson told me, "but first we had to get the price down to our level."

Graver said after signing: "I am happy to be back at Lincoln. I would rather be in the first team of a Second Division club than in the second team of a First Division club."

Leicester, of course, will be in the Second Division next season.

When they paid Aston Villa £25,000 for Tyne-side-born Tommy Thompson (writes Roy Peckett).

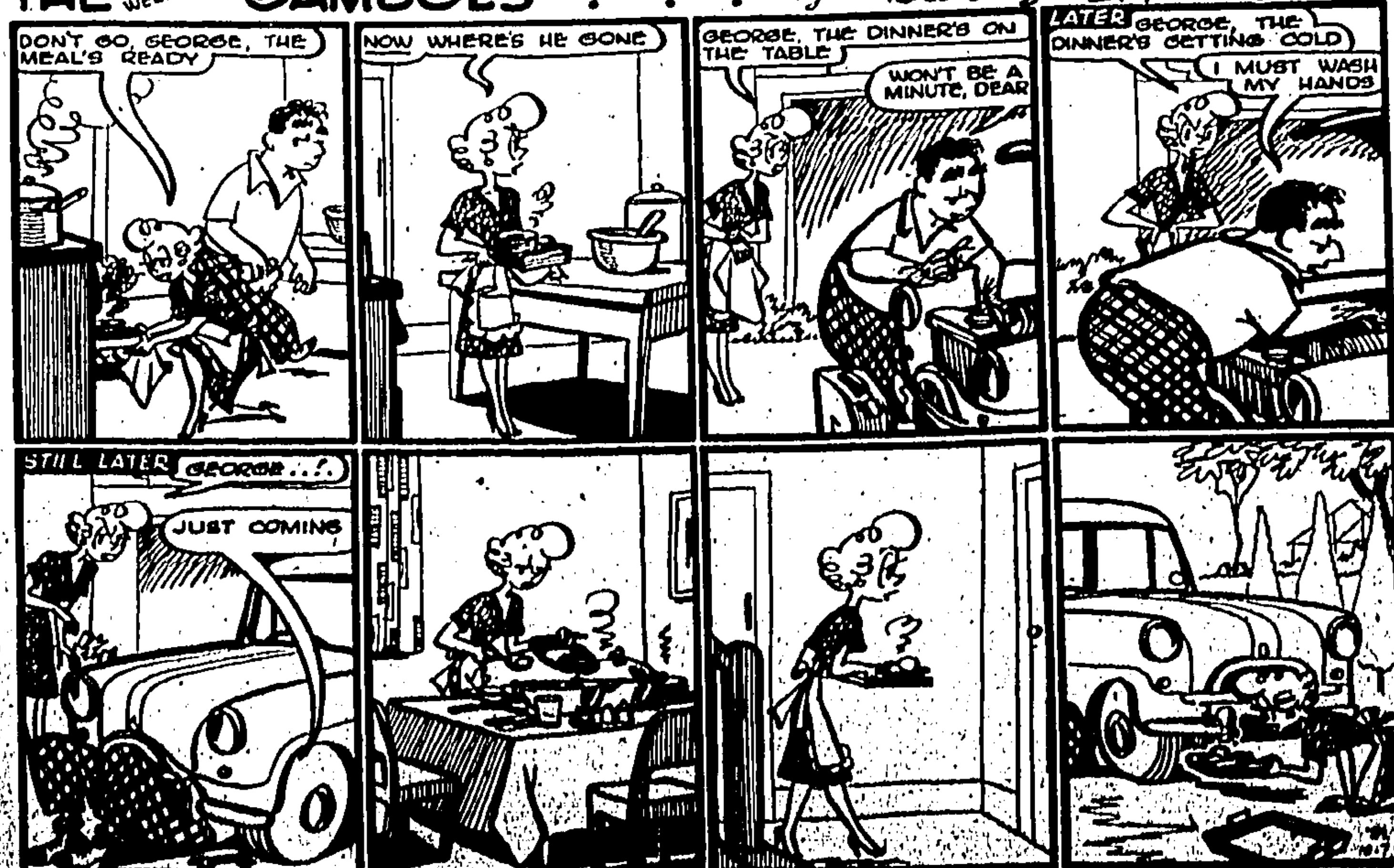
In recent years Preston have given £20,500 for Eddie Quigley, £18,000 for Willie Forbes, £15,000 for Sam Baird, £10,000 for Derek Lewis, and £8,000 for Fred Rumsac.

Thompson, who was on the Villa transfer list at his own request, inspected a house before the deal was completed.

He left Newcastle for Villa five years ago, at a £15,000 fee, and has one England cap, gained when he partnered the man he now joins in a club team, Tom Finney.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby

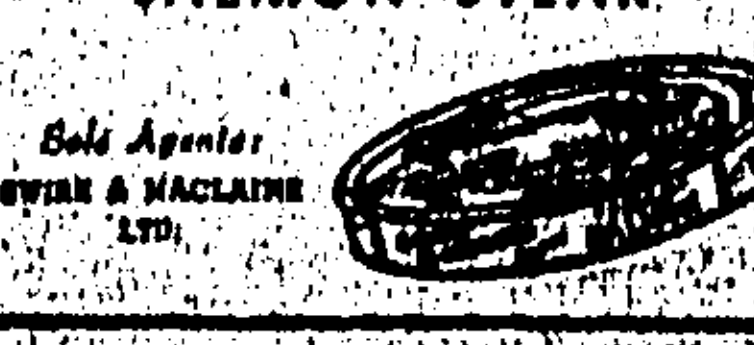


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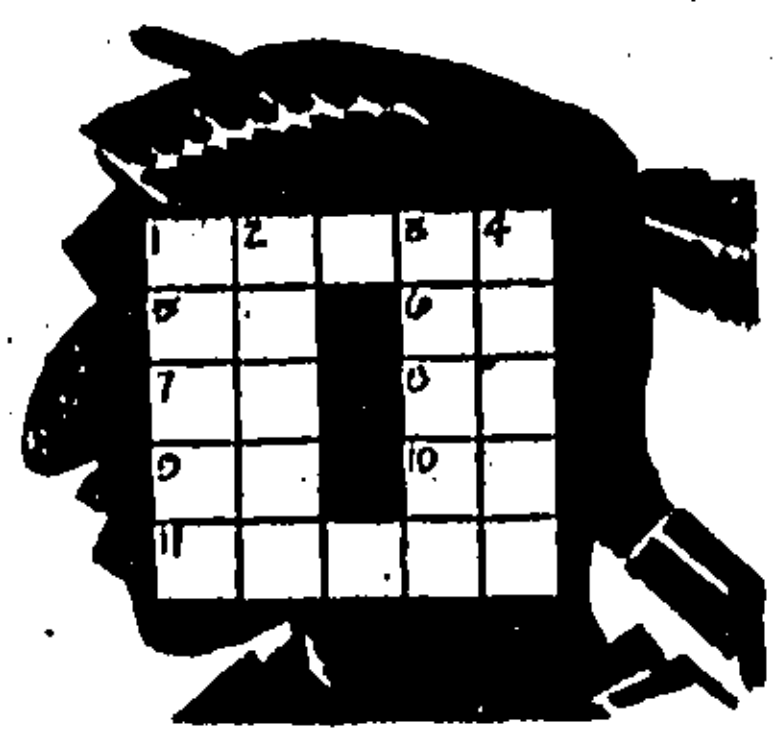
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Chl has placed today's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of an Indian head and some Indians are hidden in the puzzle:



VOWEL-LESS INDIANS

Vowels have been left out of these four Indian tribes and the letters run together. Can you identify them correctly?

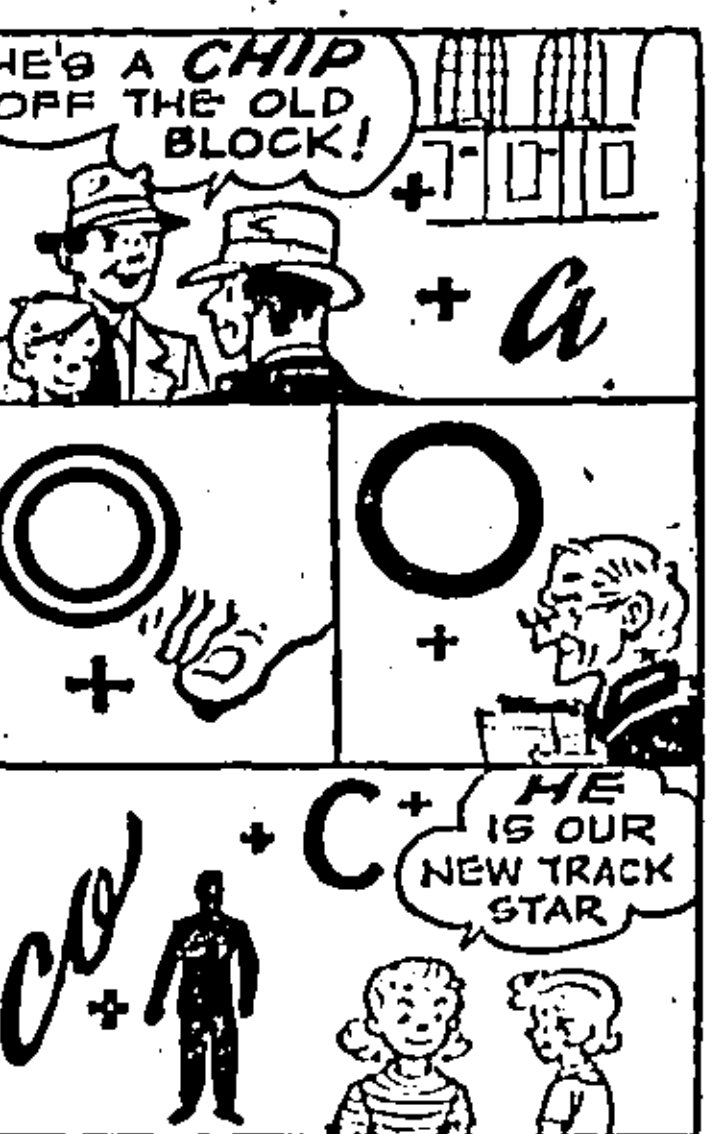
RQS
CHCTW
NMV
SX

MIXED-UP INDIANS

Rearrange the letters in each line to find the names of the three Indian tribes.

REEK ECHO
CAN SEE
NEW APE
INDIAN REBUS

Use the words and pictures to your best advantage and you'll find the four Indian tribes the Puzzlemaster has hidden here:



(Solutions on Page 20)

ACROSS
1 Oklahoma Indian
5 Symbol for tellurium
6 Correlative of either
7 Preposition
8 "Smallest State" (ab.)
9 East Side (ab.)
10 Eye (Scot.)
11 Dispatches

DOWN

1 Siouan Indians
2 Feeling
3 Pierced with horns
4 Iroquoian Indians

DIAMOND

The Puzzlemaster has used a SHAWNEE Indian as the center of his diamond. The second word is "a pronoun"; third "a bowling term"; fifth "sea eagles"; and sixth Scottish for "eyes." Complete the diamond from these clues:

S
H
A
W
N
E
E

Should You Try To Be A Switch-Hitter?

"WHEN my boy is old enough to play baseball, I think I'll teach him to be a switch-hitter," declared an American major league player, not long ago. "Then he'll be able to play every day!"

A switch-hitter, of course is a player who can bat either right-handed or left-handed. Experts claim that right-handed batters hit with more success against left-handed throwers. And the other way around. The records seem to support this theory.

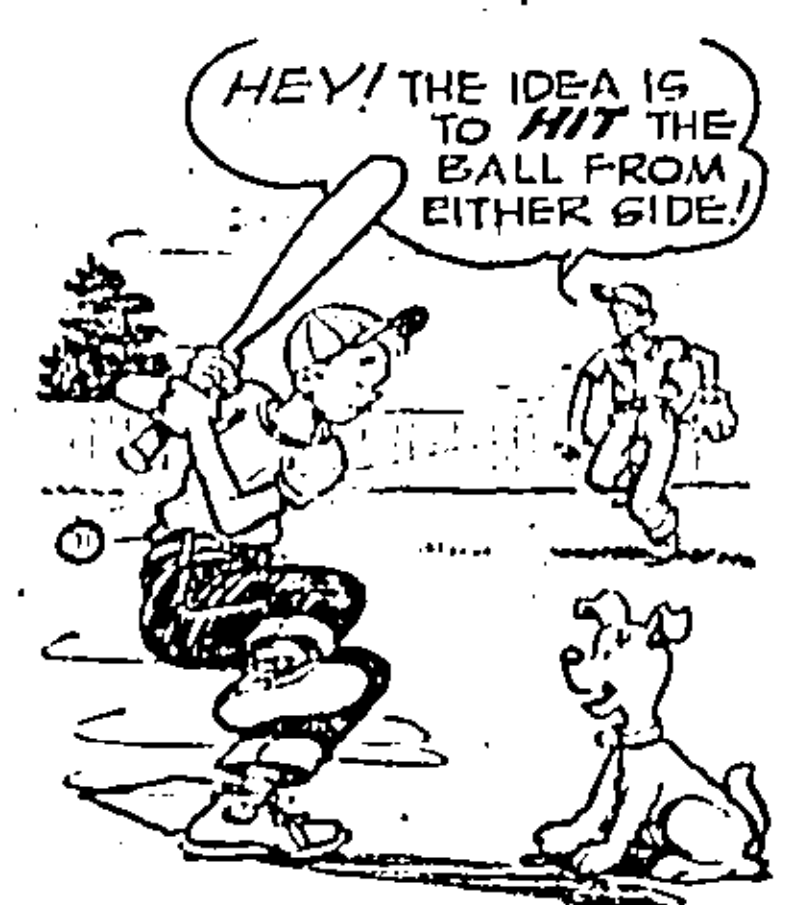
As a result, the big league managers often bench a right-handed batter when a right-hander is throwing. The speaker who was thinking about training his own son to be a switch-hitter was annoyed, understandably, because he found himself on the bench part of the time. A good player doesn't enjoy sitting on the sidelines.

Does all this mean that every boy should try to become a switch-hitter?

Not necessarily. On the contrary, the records suggest that it isn't a wise idea, unless the boy is exceptionally gifted. For one thing, you rarely see more than half a dozen switch-hitters in the major leagues in any year of the total of approximately 400 top-ranking players.

It is tough enough trying to hit one way against the best pitchers, most players seem to feel, without attempting, to master a second way.

More convincing perhaps is the fact that not even the best switch-hitter, in more than 50



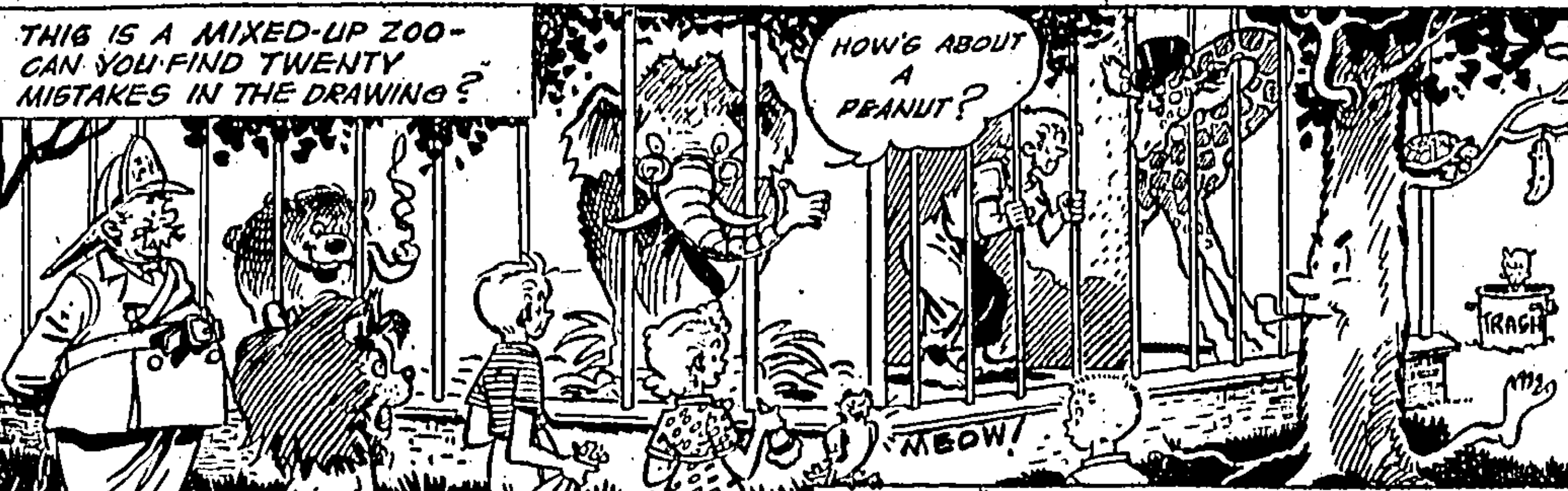
years, has ever won a major league batting championship. Pete Reiser of Brooklyn? Not quite. Reiser was a good switch-hitter, batting .293 in 1940. And he was the batting title the following year—but NOT as a switch-hitter. Reiser decided to bat only left-handed in 1941, and finished at the top with a .343 average. And he might have improved even further as a one-way batter if the next year had not been his last. He was batting .380 when an accident forced him to give up baseball.

Perhaps one of today's switch-hitters—Red Schoendienst or Mickey Vernon—may yet win a championship. Or perhaps the arguments about switch-hitting may go on for years.

Switch-hitters have seldom been benched when a new pitcher came on the rubber. But then, neither have such one-way batters as Babe Ruth, Ted Williams, or Stan Musial.

If you can hit as well as any of that trio from one side of the plate, you'll be doing all right.

ZOO GOES BERSERK



(Answers on Page 20)

Nature Paints Beautiful Pictures On Stones

By IDA SMITH

NATURE preserves many of her stories in stone and illustrates them with curious pictures.

Scientists who have learned to interpret these pictures have discovered many things about the earth's history and a good deal about the science of mineralogy.

For instance, thousands of years ago a leaf fell upon a layer of mud. Perhaps near where it fell a strange prehistoric animal walked and left its tracks in the mud, too. Then the rains or tides washed another layer of mud over them.

As time went on the mud slowly hardened into shale. The animal tracks were preserved between the layers. The leaf rotted away, but before the shale had hardened, the leaf had left its impress there, too.

FOSSIL ANIMAL TRACKS

Thousands of years later, scientists broke open the layers of shale and found the "fossil" animal tracks and leaf, and were able to tell something about what kind of animals roamed the swamps long ago and what strange plants grew there.

That is one kind of picture that nature preserves in rocks. Another is a picture of a garden of tiny black ferns and trees. These are called manganese dendrites. Manganese is a dark-colored mineral, and dendrite means tree-like markings on a stone.

In moisture, manganese oxide crystallizes—sometimes in prism-like crystals—and often in branches resembling tiny trees or ferns. Sometimes it is found as a garden picture on the hard surface of rocks; sometimes within translucent and transparent rocks called agate. The agate is then called "Moss" agate. Many of these agates are found in the Rocky Mountains, but the most beautiful ones come from China and India.

RARE MINERAL TREES

Occasionally the little black crystals form in crevices in a soft matrix (mould) which can be broken away and the tiny mineral "trees" removed. These are called arborescent manganese and are very rare. There are many pictures found in agate. Some of the most interesting are those found in "nodules" (lumps). These were once cavities, either in mud or in bubbles in volcanic lava. As the mud or lava hardened, the cavities were protected with solid walls around them.

Slowly, as the ages passed, water seeped into the cavities carrying silica and minerals a



Top to bottom: fossil leaf, manganese dendrites, polished slice of agate with markings resembling duck.

little at a time. The silica and minerals hardened. Eventually erosion wore away, the outer walls or crusts from the nodules.

Rock collectors find them and saw them apart with diamond-edge saws and find many curious pictures in them. Some look like birds, some like squirrels and various other animals.

These pictures were formed accidentally by the liquid minerals following the line of least resistance. Different minerals colour the pictures in various colours.

A WATER LILY

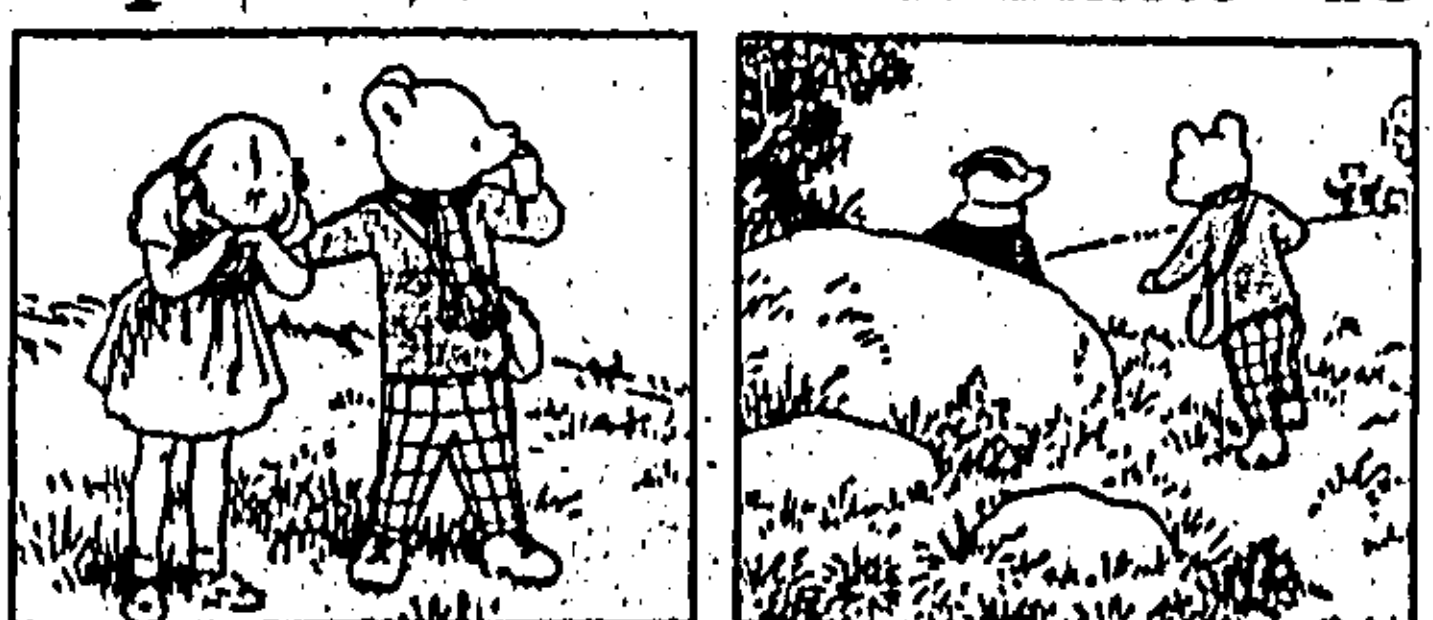
Sometimes a cavity is left with the nodule and as the liquids evaporate, crystals will form. The crystals are not formed accidentally, but in definite patterns according to natural laws governing the kind of mineral or minerals that form them.

One collector sawed a nodule apart and polished one half. It was clear agate with ripples like water. In the center, a round cavity had filled with quartz crystals. The saw had just missed them. The nodule looked like a pond of water with a water lily in it.

One of the most beautiful storm pictures made by Nature millions of years ago was exhibited at a mineral show in Phoenix, Ariz. A lady sawed and polished a thin piece of agate that had "cloud" pictures in it. These clouds were the liquid that ran into the nodule millions of years ago. Then she used the slice of agate as a film and enlarged Nature's storm picture on a photograph.

There are many other kinds of pictures to be found in rocks. Some are accidental and some are formed according to mathematical patterns, but all tell a story that helps us better to understand the fascinating world around us.

Rupert & the Distant Music—18



Although Rupert tries to comfort the little girl, she refuses to cheer up. Just then the music is heard again. "I say, it sounds jolly nice now," he exclaims. "Have you seen where it is coming from?" But Margaret is too miserable even to speak. "You stay here," says Rupert. "I'd better find out why it is pulling us like this." Hardly has he moved forward when he spies the familiar face of his father beyond a big rock. "Hello," he cries. "Did you come up that awful cliff, too?"

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Huge Stamp From The Saar

PROBABLY few people in Britain and in the Empire countries realise how different to the pattern of their stamp issues are those of many foreign lands—particularly little nations in Europe, like the Saar.

This rich coal and steel country between France and Germany has to make a living out of its stamps in the way that San Marino and Monaco try to do.

Nevertheless, the Saar is well to the fore in the variety and quantity of its philately.

Over the years, Saar stamps have varied from definitive issues showing the traditional miner and steel mill to charity issues—a little extra charged for some good cause—and even the symbolic figure of Love has appeared with a background of smoking chimneys.

Now comes a huge stamp to commemorate (above all things) the Day of the Stamp. It shows a postman proudly bearing his load of letters and parcels, plus a walking stick, and looking, with his curled-up moustache, the very personification of Teutonic efficiency.

Gleaning over the catalogue, one sees the highest-priced stamp from the Saar is the 5-mark blue issued in 1920. It is priced at £18 mint and £20 used. The new stamp costs 10d. in London, is perforated 13 and recess-printed. Truly a novel parcel, plus a walking stick, giant.—J.A.A.



Why A Frog Chuckled

—What Seemed Like Bad Luck, Was A Good Thing—

By MAX TRELL

CHRISTOPHER Cricket was sitting under the garden wall not far from the path that led down to the pond. It was a pleasant, sunny afternoon. Christopher, thinking this would be just the time to play some music, took his guitar off his back and was just about to pluck the strings when all at once he heard two voices.

Familiar Voices

One of the voices was a cackle. The other voice was a quack.

"O-ho," said Christopher to himself. "Mrs Dimpling Duck has just met Mrs Henrietta Hen! I'll just listen and hear what they've got to say to each other!"

So Christopher laid aside his guitar and listened.

"Yes, my dear Henrietta," Mrs Dimpling Duck was saying to her friend, "it's a great pity, isn't it, that Mr Bloop has had such terribly bad luck with his children. Just imagine, not a single one of them looks the least bit like a frog!"

"Should they?" Mrs Henrietta Hen said, thinking to herself that Mr Bloop should consider himself quite fortunate that his children didn't look the least bit like frogs. She wouldn't care for her children to look like frogs.

Mr Bloop's Dilemma

"But my dear Henrietta," said Mrs Dimpling Duck, "Mr Bloop is a frog. He wanted his children to look like frogs!"

"Oh, I see," said Henrietta. "Tell me, what do they look like?"

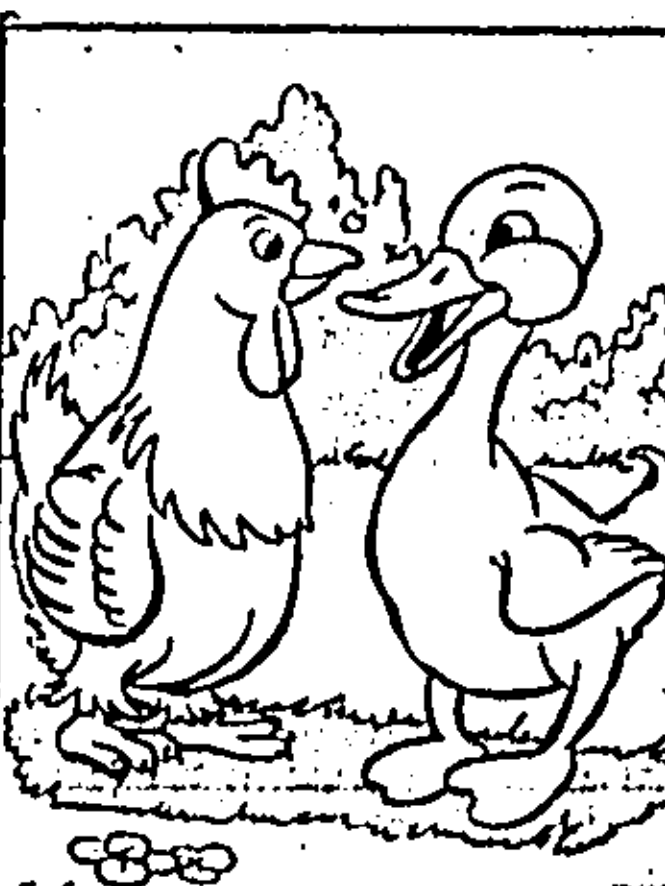
"They look like fish! I saw them all a week ago, and there they were, wriggling around the pond with their long fishy tails!"

"How perfectly horrid!" said Henrietta.

Mrs Dimpling Duck went on hurriedly: "I hear that folks call them 'polywogs'!"

"Polywogs!" repeated Henrietta. And she shuddered. "I think," said Mrs Dimpling Duck, "that Mr Bloop is just broken-hearted. He does nothing but sit at the edge of the pond looking up at the sky... except that now and then he dives into the pond to stay for a moment or two with those—those—polywogs!"

Here Mrs Dimpling Duck and Mrs Henrietta Hen both walked off. Christopher Cricket decided to go down to the pond and see whether all that Mrs Dimpling had said about Mr Bloop and his strange, polywog children was really true.



Dimpling Duck was talking to Henrietta Hen.

He found Mr Bloop sitting at the edge of the pond, looking up at the sky just as Mrs Duck has described.

"I say, old fellow," said Christopher Cricket good-naturedly, "I've just heard about your trouble."

Mr Bloop glanced down at Christopher Cricket for an instant, then uttered a short grunt. "Trouble? What kind of trouble?"

"Your children. The—the—the polywogs. I hear they don't look like you at all!"

"They certainly don't," Christopher Cricket was surprised to hear Mr Bloop answer. "Why should they look like me, huh?"

"Because—er—well, they're small frogs, aren't they? One day they'll be big frogs, won't they?"

"They'll look like me all right. Don't worry about that, my friend," said Mr Bloop.

"But they don't look like you now! They've got tails like the fish. They wriggle. They live in the water! They haven't got legs! They can't hop!"

Legs And Tails

Mr Bloop was chuckling deep down in his throat. "My dear Cricket, you don't know anything about polywogs. They'll grow legs. They'll lose their tails. They'll come out of the water. They'll hop."

"Oh!" exclaimed Christopher Cricket. "You're sure?"

"As sure as sure can be! Why, I can remember when I was a polywog! They'll be frogs—a beautiful big green frogs—exactly like me!"

Christopher walked happily back to the garden wall. This time, he really plucked his guitar strings. He really played a jolly song. He sang two lines: "Polywogs are little frogs!"



"Anything wrong, Honey? You haven't said two thousand words all evening."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 23

BORN today, you are one of those self-reliant individuals who boasts that you can take care of yourself despite anything that happens! Your pride would never permit you to ask for help, no matter what difficulty you might face. You have the philosophy that although things may be bad today, tomorrow, they are bound to be better. This is an attitude which helps you to get out of trouble about as fast as it is humanly possible!

You are very active and want something going on all the time. You have the ability to sway others to your side of a question and have exceptional talent as a public speaker. You would probably do well in politics for your feeling for mass psychology is excellent and your persuasiveness is outstanding. Leadership seems to be your birthright and you live up to it in private as well as in public.

Imaginative, magnetic, affectionate and full of charm, you will probably have countless romances before you finally settle down to marriage. You may need to avoid impulsiveness when it comes to love or you might make a mistake in the selection of your marriage partner. Look very carefully before you leap into marriage for you may repent at leisure if you marry in haste.

Among those born on this date are: Arthur Bird, composer; Halle Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia; Cardinal James Gibbons, Dr. Albert Shaw, noted editor; Montague Glass, author; Charlotte S. Cushman and Florence Vidor, actresses.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 24

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You should take some time out for complete relaxation now if tensions have been building up lately.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A short trip into the country to see Mother Nature at her finest would be good for you.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A second day of pleasant relaxation with your family. Enjoy every moment of it now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—A favourable day for all of your activities. Make plans, if you wish, for your future.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—If you have favourable weather then you should make it a point to take a drive out into the wide open space.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 23)—Your spiritual welfare is as much to be nurtured as is your physical welfare. Attend church.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 24-Feb. 19)—This can prove a highly harmonious day. Probably everyone for once will agree on the same project.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Attendance at church and listening to a good sermon may give you the peace and spiritual guidance you seek.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Everything should go well for you today. Accomplish something you have long desired.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—This is the time for you to do a good deed. Help someone who needs your assistance. Offer your services.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You might join a group of close friends for a day of exceptional pleasure attending some community affair.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This could be a really gala day spent with close friends and relatives in the great outdoors.

BORN on this first day of the incoming sign, Leo, you are ruled by the Sun—Lord of the Day—and have many of the characteristics of the ruler: lavish in your desire for display; imperious in your desire for command; and energetic and self-sufficient in carrying out your major objectives. Success is likely to be yours at an early age, for you have that forcefulness which makes for achievement.

You are highly imaginative and are an originator, rather than one who follows others in ideas as well as in action. It is likely that you have a tempestuous nature and you will need to curb your tongue when angry, for you often say things when aroused that you regret afterwards.

Your magnetic personality draws people to you and you have the ability to talk others into following your lead, blindly. Just make sure that you always hold your ideals high and lead them in the right direction. Frank, open and true, you set the allegiance of many by your force of personality. You are dramatic and have a keen sense of humour. You are intuitive and a psychic at times. Your marriage could be an exciting and happy one. Never a dull moment while you are around!

Among those born on this date are: Alexander Dumas Sr., Lord Dunsany, authors; Ernest Bloch, composer; William Gillette, actor; Ben Pitman, shorthand expert; Lewis Miller, inventor; and Hollace Shaw, singer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 25

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Most things are under a neutral cloud, but you need to be especially cautious when it comes to romance.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Haste can make waste today! Cause a serious error, so in all important matters, take your time.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Romance needs a careful hand today, if you are not to wreck your future happiness.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Small discussions can turn into large and unfortunate arguments, so be very polite in all you say.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Learn to be understanding and patient with those who may differ with you in their opinions.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 23)—If you approach things cautiously, you may get a real break when it comes to some business deal.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 24-Feb. 19)—The welfare of those whom you love is of the greatest importance. You may need to pay special attention to this aspect.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Look before you leap in some idea for expansion on the business front. A loss is possible if you err.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Business is better than romance today, but you have to be cautious, even with the former. Watch your step!

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Better to make a compromise today on the domestic front rather than instigate even a minor argument.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Brain work is what counts on the asset side of the ledger today. Be energetic in your attitude.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—All is not clear sailing, but you can overcome difficulties which arise if you are careful now.

ZOO'S WHO



WRITING COBRAS CAN THROW THEIR VENOM TEN FEET...

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Here's A Tricky Hand
For You To Figure

By OSWALD JACOBY

HOW would you play today's hand at a contract of six diamonds? You are naturally interested in finding the safest reasonable line of play.

You win the first trick with the ace of clubs and ruff a club with dummy's three of diamonds. When this ruff gets by safely, you are practically home, provided that you take reasonable precautions.

The next step is to cash the ace of spades to prevent anybody from discarding spades on the next few tricks and then ruffing a spade later on. You return to your hand with the ace of hearts and ruff another club—with dummy's ace of trumps!

This cannot, of course, be overruled. Hence East cannot prevent you from getting back to your hand with the king of hearts and leading your last club

At half-past seven Humphrey Lyttelton, grandson of the eighth Viscount Cobham, nephew of the ninth, cousin of the tenth, drifts in with seven co-players of Humphrey Lyttelton's Band. His fingers play an absent-minded tattoo on the valves of his trumpet, limbering up.

He wears trousers that have not been pressed in months and a loved old sports shirt open at the neck. Casual clothes are an unwritten club law.

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NEW
RECORDS
by
Francis
Martin

Jive begins at 7.30

The tables are pushed back, the dancers stroll on...
and the casual Mr Lyttelton starts fingering his trumpet

LONDON. GREATEST of white jazz trumpeters. So, saying their 7s. Gd. a year dues, say the four or five thousand members of his club. The Humphrey Lyttelton Club lives four nights a week in an Oxford Street basement with depressing landscape murals that look as if they are painted in glue, soft soap and train oil. Until seven the basement is a restaurant. Soon after seven tables and chairs are re-deployed and a third of the floor-space cleared for jivers.

At half-past seven Humphrey Lyttelton, grandson of the eighth Viscount Cobham, nephew of the ninth, cousin of the tenth, drifts in with seven co-players of Humphrey Lyttelton's Band. His fingers play an absent-minded tattoo on the valves of his trumpet, limbering up.

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On the popularity issue Lyttelton is apt to trip himself up. A recent international poll gave Lyttelton and his band second place after trumpeter Louis Armstrong and his. Now Lyttelton has been an Armstrong addict from boyhood. On reading the poll findings he said, "Alarming! According to my critical standards we ought to have been placed eleventh or twelfth." He is the first jazzman I have known who slaps himself down. But then, he is the first jazzman who not only went to Eton but had a father a housemaster there.

Two new Lyttelton records: Doling Back with Humphrey Esquire 32-007, 12in. LP, digs up and packages 15 numbers recorded by Lyttelton and band in 1948-49. Best for me is Blue for Waterloo, one of Lyttelton's own tunes named for no reason I can see, after the Tube sign. Much of the band's beefiness and tang comes over. But the sound doesn't hit you between the eyes as it does in Oxford Street.

Glory of Love (a) and Fish Seller (b), Parlophone R4032, 10in. 78s. In (a) piano, guitar and string bass are at times excruciatingly out of tune with the wind solos. Perhaps this is part of the fun. Perhaps I'm supposed to like it. Sorry, can't. Makes me squirm.

EASY HEARING ABOUT this new Greek cabaret singer, Kitza Kazakos. Voice is rare, I admit. I almost feel it run through my hands like a rope of flesh silk. On MGM 3080 and 3081 she does The Fisherman's Daughter and three other hunks of easy hearing. At one point I fancied she was singing I love you because your mood is mine. Sheer fluke. Actually she sings way through in modern Greek. And modern Greek is just Greek to me.

Thus her visits only deepened the mystery and the flies of Gloucester County Police are still "open" concerning the identities of the two unknown children. After all this time it seems unlikely they will ever be identified. But how difficult it is to believe that nobody knew or cared about these two children, presumably brother and sister, taking a late-night journey to Bristol.

Perhaps the death of these children was convenient to someone who wanted them out of the way—and now saw his opportunity in keeping silent.

And this theory, in some form, is the generally held by the people of Charfield.

"Somebody knew but refused to speak," they say.

And, that being so, somebody may still know. But whoever it is has kept the secret too long now for there to be much hope that it will be revealed even on a deathbed.

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Loading for Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama.

Ship	Arr. Aug.	10	Sails Aug.	11
"RENEVERETT"	Aug. 23	—	Aug. 27	—
"NOREVERETT"	Sept. 7	—	Sept. 8	—
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"STAR ARCTURUS"	Sept. 22	—	Sept. 23	—
"STAR ALCYONE"	Oct. 6	—	Oct. 7	—
"L.A.O."	Nov. 5	—	Nov. 6	—

Loading for Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama.

Ship	Arr. Aug.	18	Sails Aug.	19
"STAR ARCTURUS"	Aug. 27	—	Aug. 28	—
"STAR ALCYONE"	Sept. 10	—	Sept. 11	—
"L.A.O."	Oct. 31	—	Nov. 1	—

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TARGET

How many
words of four
letters or more
can you make
from the letters
in the square on
the left? In
making each
word, the
letters in the
square must be
used once and
only once.

small squares may be used once and only once.

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Something Borrowed?

SOMEWHERE in London, a thief is probably puzzling over the disposal of one item he picked up recently in the course of his business as a daylight robber.

The item is a rolled-gold bracelet. It has a garnet clasp and, inside, a few words cut into the metal. The words are: "Wherever I may be, I love you, K." Then a man's Christian name.

The thief stole some hundreds of pounds worth of jewellery from the house in Earl's Court that he had watched with such patience until the time came to strike. He must have picked up the bracelet almost accidentally for had he studied it for even a moment, he would have seen that it had no value to anyone in the world except the woman he stole it from, to whom it was more valuable than anything else she possessed.

A WORKING GIRL
SHE was a girl when she was given the bracelet. A working girl. Her work was driving ambulances in London. The war was on, which at that time seemed to be mostly a war between Londoners and the Luftwaffe.

Ambulance driving during that time was a rugged occupation and when you had time off you were inclined to fly in your mind to a future less harsh. Faith more than reason was the prompter. The girl pilot and fell in love with him, as he did with her. They were married. One of those tight-lipped little wartime ceremonies, with everyone looking at their watches because they would shortly be wanted back on duty.

A TELEGRAM
THE marriage lasted. It lasted until a telegram was delivered to the girl. The telegram told her that she was a widow. She received it exactly a fortnight after her marriage. The girl gathered her grief up to herself and did not bother anyone with it. She kept the trinket that her man had given her, the rolled-gold bracelet with the garnet clasp, which had been the best thing that his pay could buy for her.

She treasured the bracelet and read and re-read what her husband had asked the jeweller to have engraved inside: "Wherever I may be, I love you, K." She was greatly helped in bad times by the bracelet, and bad times were many.

Then came the flat. The only occupant of the flat, when he called, was a nine-year-old girl, a friend's daughter.

UNDISTURBED
THE thief rang the bell and the child answered. He checked that the house was empty of grown-ups, then: "I'm the electrician," he said. "Will you show me where the fuse-box is, then stand and watch the fuses, while I turn on the switches in the flat?"

"Call me if there's any flashes in the fuse-box," he said, as he made his way to the bed-room. There were no flashes. The thief moved through the flat in great content. Scooped up the good jewellery—and the cheap bracelet. Then he left.

"Tell your mummy I'll be coming again," he called out to the nine-year-old.

FEEL UP
IT was a week before the owner of the flat came back. She was told about the electrician's visit. "How very odd," she said. "There's been nothing wrong with the fuses. Then sudden instinct drove her upstairs to look in the little pig-skin case in which she kept her jewellery."

All the good things she had been left by her grandmother were gone. Panic seized her, and she hunted for the bracelet which was worth no thief's time. That was gone, too.

The thief is puzzled about disposing of the bracelet. If he can read, and sees what is written inside, perhaps he will send it back.

Outstanding Russian Concession

At Geneva Recognition Of The East-West Defence Alliances

Geneva, July 22. Western officials believed today that the summit conference has resulted in some give and take by both East and West and that the most outstanding Russian concession has been recognition of the West's NATO and WEU defence alliances.

Russia's offer for an interim East-West pact recognises the West's regional groupings—if only for the time being—to the extent of accepting them as partners in a temporary non-aggression arrangement.

Until now the Soviets have denounced NATO and WEU as unacceptable "instruments of Western aggression."

On the Western side President Eisenhower's offer to provide blueprints of United States military establishments to Russia on a reciprocal basis is considered as the most significant "give" this side of the Iron Curtain.

LEGITIMATE FEARS
The West has, moreover, formally recognised that Russia may have legitimate fears for her security.

It has put on record its readiness to meet such fears, even though it has made any formal commitment conditional on German unification.

Gulbenkian Estate About £300,000,000
Lisbon, July 22. Oil King Calouste Gulbenkian, who died here on Wednesday, left the vast majority of his large fortune, including all his art collections, for the creation of a Portuguese institution to be known as the Gulbenkian Foundation. It was announced today.

It will be used for charitable, artistic, educational and scientific purposes.

The Foundations will benefit not only Portuguese people, but people of any nationality. Armenian-born Gulbenkian, known as "Mr Five Per Cent" because of his holdings in the internationally-owned Petroleum Company, is believed to have left a fortune of some £300,000,000.—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS
CROSSWORD:

DIAMOND: S. SHIP, SPARE, SHAWNEE, ERNE, E.

VOWEL-LESS INDIANS: Iroquois; Choctaw; Navaho; Sioux.

MIXED-UP INDIANS: Cherokee; Seneca; Pawnee.

Rosewall Leads For Australia

Louisville, July 22. Ken Rosewall got Australia off to a flying start in the American Davis Cup tennis semi-finals on Friday as he blasted Brazil's Jose Aguiar, 7-5, 6-0, 4-6, 6-3, in the opening match.

Aguiar made the Aussie fight for every point and was given a rousing cheer as the match ended.—Associated Press.

HK ROUND TABLE IN SECOND YEAR

The Hongkong Round Table, an organisation with aims similar to Rotary but with an age limit of 40, is out to build up membership as it begins its second year of service in the Colony.

The ideals of chivalry and duty to their fellow men practised by King Arthur and his knights inspired the foundation of this modern day Round Table by Mr Louis Marchesi in England in 1926.

Today it is a world-wide organisation and its aims are to help the community in any way possible.

DISCUSSIONS

What are the activities of the Hongkong branch? It holds monthly discussions and dinners for members. But its major undertaking for the community last year was to organise a beach picnic for 65 children from the Fanning Babies Home.

This year it is holding a dance on the mv Victoria on Tuesday in aid of the British Red Cross.

At present the Hongkong branch has just over 30 members—young men all representing different professions. But as the Table goes into its second year it is planning more ambitious projects. And for that it needs a bigger organisation.

Red Mine Disaster

Berlin, July 22. East German Communists today raised to 33 the death toll in a Soviet Zone uranium mine disaster.

The Communists previously had announced 31 miners and rescue workers were killed.

The East German Radio disclosed that a funeral ceremony was held today for 33 at Karl Marx Stadt, the former Chemnitz.—United Press.

Portuguese Will Defend Goa

Lisbon, July 22. A statement on the Goa dispute with India, issued here tonight by the Portuguese Prime Minister's office, said if the matter was understood as a transfer of sovereignty of the Portuguese territories in India to the Indian Union "it is certain the question will not be solved by peaceful means."

But if it was a matter of solving problems arising from contiguity and close relationship, a solution "is not only possible but relatively easy."

The statement referred to a recent press conference given by the Indian Prime Minister in which the Portuguese statement said: "Mr Nehru declared that if Goa were not ceded to him, not only Goa would fall, but also the Portuguese regime that opposed him and sustains Goa."

DUTCH-ITALIAN ATTACK IN TOUR DE FRANCE

Paris, July 22. The first attack in the 15th stage of the Tour de France cycling race was not launched until the 1,900-foot Paradise Pass, some 40 miles out of Barbonne.

After passing over the top, Holland's Jan Nolten and Italy's Luciano Pezzi opened up on the descent and by the 55 miles mark, had a 2 min. 15 secs. lead over the main pack.

A secondary attack was launched from the pack by the Belgians after 63 miles to close in on the leaders but at the final Chionla Pass, Italy's Pezzi nipped up the 4,500-foot climb to lead with Nolten a wheel behind Nello Laurelli of Southeast France and Jan Brankart of Belgium fell on the way down. Laurelli was taken to hospital.

The pack led by France's world champion Louis Bobet was then 5 mins 26 secs behind the leaders.

Pezzi got his front wheel over the finishing line just ahead of Nolten in the final sprint with Miguel Poblet, the Spaniard, spurting out of the pack to finish third—5 mins, 50 seconds behind the winner.

ROBINSON 42ND
Attacking the 1,800-foot passes alone, Brian Robinson of Huddersfield finished 42nd.

Miss England Co-Favourite At Long Beach

Long Beach, July 22. Miss England and Miss Sweden are co-favourites to win the Miss Universe title to be awarded here tonight when 15 girls, including Miss Japan, parade before 11 experts to decide who shall be named the loveliest girl in the world.

Miss England, 18-year-old Margaret Rowe, was the selection of reporters and photographers covering the world's most glamorous news assignment. Miss Sweden, Hillevi Rombin, was the choice of the 32 original contestants.

Miss Japan—Miss Keiko Takahashi—was among the 15 finalists left after eliminations last night.

These beauties will appear before the judges on a 100-foot brilliantly lighted foot-pyramid in Long Beach's Municipal Auditorium on the edge of the Pacific.

While a capacity audience of 5,000 people look on, the girls will parade in evening gowns and later in swimsuits.

Judges, each with a tabulating machine in front of him, will award marks for poise, personality and beauty of face and figure. "Talent does not come into the picture," an official said.

Accounts will check the final totals. Prizes for the winner will include a six-month film contract at \$250 (about £90) a week. A fur stole worth \$400 (about £143). A watch worth \$2,500 (about £900) and other valuable jewellery.—China Mail Special.



EXECUTORS and TRUSTEES for the COLONY and the FAR EAST

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANK (TRUSTEE) LIMITED

The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong

NOTICE

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
Geconsfield Arcade, Queen's Road C. Hong Kong.

Members of the Society are kindly requested to notify the Acting Secretary—at the above address, any change in Address and/or Telephone numbers (Office and Residential) that may have occurred during the past year.

Members of the Public can contact an Official of the Society by dialling 37070 by day and 37094 by night. Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to:

Mr. R. A. de ROME
Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd., P. O. Building, Hong Kong.

H.K.S.P.C.

Needs financial support for the sake of poor children



Please address communications: Secretary, Hongkong Society for the Protection of Children, P.O. Box 2602 Hong Kong.

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STAMP ALBUMS—"Collection Builder" series. New stock now available. \$3. From South China Morning Post Ltd., Wyndham Street, Hongkong and Salisbury Road, Kowloon.

SOMETHING EXCLUSIVE—Collectors' packets of assorted stamps. From 20 cents per packet upwards. An entirely new series. South China Morning Post Ltd., Wyndham Street, Hongkong and Salisbury Road, Kowloon.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

M.S. "TAIYUAN"
arrd. 23rd July, 1955
Damaged cargo on this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs Goddard & Douglas at Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf Godown at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 26th July and Wednesday, 27th July, 1955 and consignees representative are requested to be present during survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE
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CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH
The Missionary Church, 41 Gloucester Road, Tel. 74221.

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.00 p.m. Evening Service.
(Other services arranged at any time by request.)

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